

# The Sketch

No. 1056.—Vol. LXXXII.

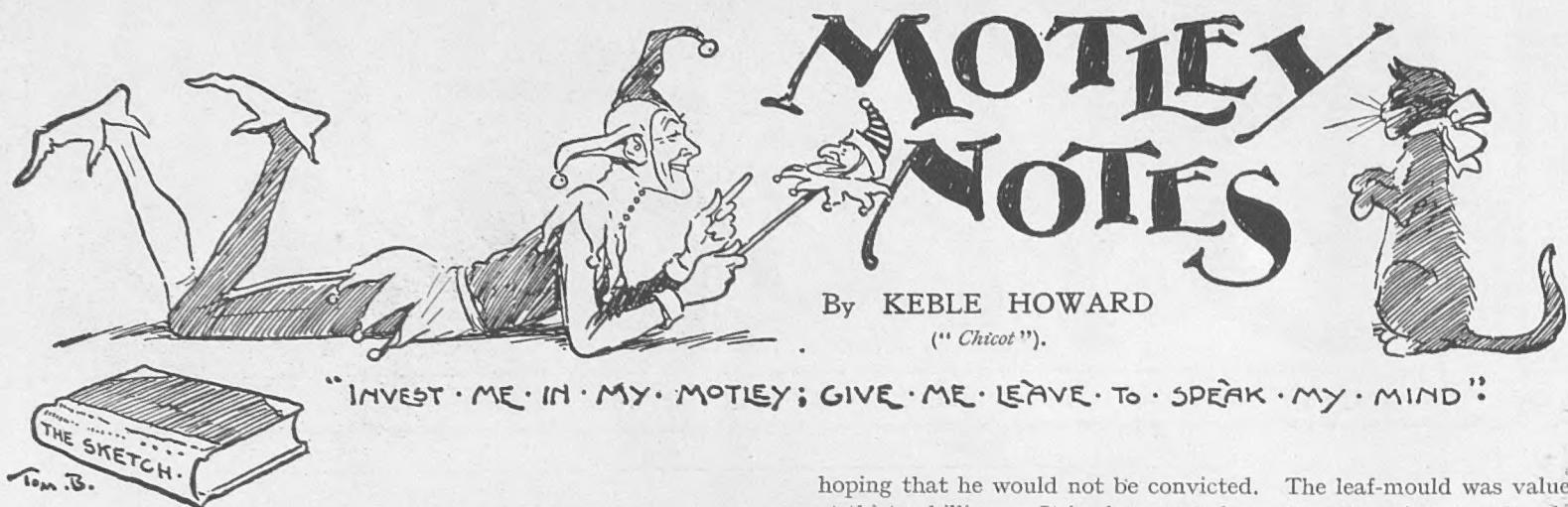
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



IN SPONGE-BAG-TROUSERS SKIRT: MISS ETHEL LEVEY, OF "HULLO, RAGTIME!" AS SHE APPEARED RECENTLY IN HYDE PARK

This photograph of Miss Ethel Levey, who is making such a success in "Hullo, Ragtime!" at the London Hippodrome, is of particular interest, for the skirt (which is so draped that it looks like trousers of the sponge-bag type once—and, perhaps, still—so fashionable with certain sporting and City men) and the dinner-jacket coat gain special point from the fact that it was only the other day that M. Léon Bakst, who has taken to designing modern dresses, said to the "Pall Mall Gazette," as to women's dress in the future: "We are marching towards the fusion of the masculine and feminine costumes—but, of course, we are not there yet. . . . The new woman—yes, the woman of to-morrow—will be essentially feminine, with new grace of movement. Her costume, as I say, will approach that of man's, but it will be subtly differentiated—underlined, so to speak. Lace, for instance, plays its part in my new conceptions."—[Reproduced by courtesy of the *Maison Lewis*.]



A Trap for  
Husbands.

I am not at all surprised to learn that there was a slump in "model husbands" at the Simple Life Conference and Exhibition in Caxton Hall last week. Nor am I grieved. Think for a moment, friend the reader, on what the candidates were expected to do. A scene was set representing a room in a house. Professional actresses had been found ready and willing to play the parts of "wives." Men were invited to come forward—if I read the conditions of the competition aright—and explain to these wives why they, the men, were late for dinner. And the explanation must be so plausible that the little domestic cloud was rolled away and the wives charmed from tears to smiles. The husband who, in the opinion of the judges, acquitted himself the best—that is to say, the most successful—was to receive a gold medal.

I am not grieved, I say, to learn that there was a slump in "husbands." This business of reconciliation between husband and wife is no fit subject, in my opinion, for a public competition. It is a private business, an intimate business, even a sacred business. Every husband worth consideration, of course, knows how to conduct it, but he would not dream of raising the curtain on the pretty comedy for the benefit of the shilling, or the guinea, or the five-guinea public.

I read that Mr. Barnett, the general secretary of the Exhibition, did at last manage to find two candidates. "A good deal of persuasion was necessary before they consented to act as husbands." And, being persuaded, how did they act?

Fiction.

The first "produced a couple of opera tickets." The wife thereupon smiled and forgave. If that man wins the gold medal—or, I should say, perhaps, "has won," for the competition will be over before these lines appear in print—I have but a poor opinion of the judges. It is a tradition of the cheaper comic papers that the appeasement of an angry wife is merely a matter of cupboard-love. There are husbands, I suppose, who rely upon cupboard-love to atone for deficiency of real affection. They must be shallow fellows, or else they have shallow wives. I may be told that it is not the actual tickets for the opera that appease the wife, but the loving thought that prompted the buying of the tickets. Rubbish! What amount of thought is required to buy a couple of opera tickets, compared with the thought that most men who set any store by domestic happiness lavish on their wives? This may seem a trite saying, but all the things worth saying are trite; they have been trite almost since man was endowed with the gift of expression.

The second candidate "told his wife that he had secured an important appointment in a cinematograph company, and, on the strength of a fiver in advance, treated her to a dinner at a West End restaurant." More cupboard-love, you see.

I read, finally, that "the man who succeeds must show a little more ingenuity in the invention of excuses and a fearlessness of consequences. . . ." Do you think we have really advanced half-an-inch since the Stone Age?

"Stealing  
Leaf-Mould."

Glancing through a local paper, my attention was attracted by a brief report of a police-court case in which a rag-and-bone collector was charged with stealing sixteen sacks of "leaf-mould." I am not quite sure what leaf-mould may be; I presume it is composed of leaves that have fallen from trees and decayed. At any rate, it is clear that one must not steal it.

The rag-and-bone collector was remanded, and I found myself

hoping that he would not be convicted. The leaf-mould was valued at thirty shillings. It is pleasant to know that there is so much value in leaf-mould, but it is unpleasant to reflect that it is against the law for a man to eat of the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. I am no Socialist, but I would welcome a law that made anything that fell from a tree to the ground common property providing that the collector thereof was not compelled to trespass in order to secure the meagre booty. I can see that unlimited trespassing would be full of dangers, but surely the poor should be entitled to the bits of wood that are blown to the ground in a gale, and to fallen fruit, and even to acorns. If this law were in being, friend the reader, think what consolation you would find in a high gale. As you lay in your bed, listening to the shriek of the wind and the swirl of the rain, you would comfort yourself with the reflection, "There will be something for the poor to-morrow."

I shall look with interest for the fate of the rag-and-bone collector.

"This Correspondence is Closed."

"Verily," writes the indefatigable Mr. Hamilton, of the Divorce Law Reform Union, "thou art a merry fool. . . . You seem to suggest that I regard stupidity as identical with cruelty; possibly one might strain words and say that to be tied up to a stupid husband is cruelly hard on the wife. . . . As to the monthly-allowance rule, you suggest that I consider that heartless. That is a mistake. I call it stupid. . . . If a man has been engaged to a woman for twenty-four years, he ought to have found himself in sympathy with her; if so, rules would be superfluous; if not, he should not have married her; therefore, having married her, he is stupid—in my humble opinion he represents the quintessence of stupidity."

So that it all comes to this, Mr. Hamilton. You, as a prominent official of an organisation that has as its object "to promote the reform and Amendment of the Laws relating to Divorce and Separation," are prepared to write a man down as stupid, and, for that reason, take pity on the wife. (You will observe that I put my argument in the mildest possible form.) And I, trying hard to look at human nature as broadly and justly as any human being can, say that stupidity on the part of either husband or wife should never be held a justification of estrangement. Men and women need each other because of their weaknesses. If the American Professor, whose rules for his wife we have been discussing, was really guilty of the "quintessence of stupidity," that in itself was a reason for his wife to cling to him, and cherish him, and guard him against the onslaughts of the far too clever world.

**The London Face.** Somebody has again discovered that the Londoner has a gloomy face. (Oh, the number of things that people are always discovering about the poor old Londoner!) And somebody else has promptly replied that the Londoner has a very cheerful face. The truth is, in my opinion, that the Londoner has no fixed face, but a different face for every day in the week. Take this little list into the streets with you, friend the reader, and see for yourself whether it is right or wrong. I believe you will find that the Londoner has no less than seven faces, quite apart from the faces he keeps in stock for special occasions. Thus—

(1) Monday	-	-	-	Sulky and apprehensive.
(2) Tuesday	-	-	-	Patient and resigned.
(3) Wednesday	-	-	-	Faintly inquisitive.
(4) Thursday	-	-	-	Cheerfully optimistic.
(5) Friday	-	-	-	Bright and gleaming.
(6) Saturday	-	-	-	Wildly and irresponsibly jolly.
(7) Sunday	-	-	-	Bored to distraction.

## EXPRESSING SARTORIALLY THE SPRINGTIME OF THE EARTH.

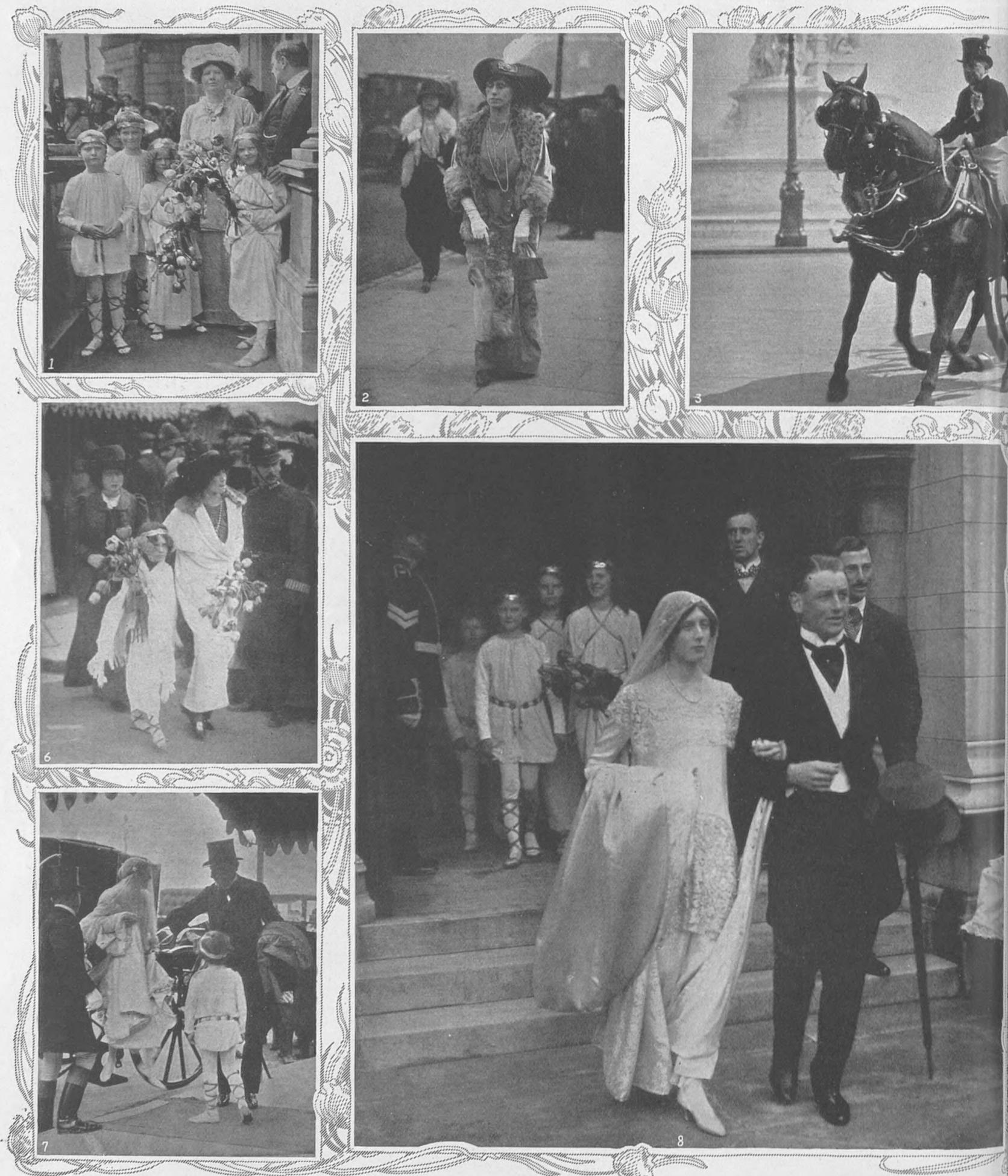


BAKST AS CLOTHES OF THE MODERN WOMAN: A MANTEAU DE GALA DESIGNED BY THE FAMOUS ARTIST WHO CREATED SO MANY DRESSES FOR THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

M. Léon Bakst has now turned his attention to the creation of modern dresses. He explained to the "Pall Mall Gazette" recently: "I was led to this subject from having to design the costumes for Debussy's new ballet, 'Les Jeux,' which, being the music of the future, tries to express the ideas of the future. . . . I thought of approaching Mme. Paquin to ask her to allow me to clothe the modern woman. . . . I wished to express sartorially the springtime of the earth. . . . There is the simplicity of colour and the influence of March and April and May in my designs. . . . My ornamental effects are rather in the order of the Futurist."

*By courtesy of M. Bakst, Mme. Paquin, and "Comœdia Illustré."*

## ANCIENT GREEK—AND ULTRA MODERN—COSTUME AT A



1. EARL AND COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP, WITH THEIR SONS, VISCOUNT ELMLEY AND THE HON. HUGH LYGON, AND THEIR DAUGHTERS, LADIES LETTICE AND SIBELL LYGON.  
2. LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.  
3. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DRIVING TO 32, GREEN STREET FOR THE RECEPTION.

4. COUNTESS GROSVENOR, MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM, CARRYING A BOX OF WEDDING FAVOURS.  
5. BOY AND GIRL ATTENDANTS ON THE BRIDE IN ANCIENT GREEK DRESS—MASTER ANTHONY ASQUITH THE THIRD FIGURE.

The wedding of the Hon. Diana Lister, youngest daughter of Lord Ribblesdale, and Mr. Percy Wyndham, son of Mr. George Wyndham and Countess Grosvenor, was not only of great social interest, but was exceptionally picturesque. The bride, accompanied by Master Wilson, one of her pages, was driven to the church by her father in a carriage with a postillion. At the church door, she was met by boy and girl attendants in ancient Greek dress. After the ceremony, Lord Ribblesdale gave a reception at 32, Green Street. The bride's attendants included Lord Elmley and his brother, the Hon. Hugh Lygon, sons of Earl and Countess Beauchamp; Master Anthony Asquith,

## REAT SOCIETY WEDDING: THE WYNDHAM-LISTER MARRIAGE.



THE COUNTESS OF LYTON WITH HER ELDER DAUGHTER, LADY HERMIONE LYTON.  
THE BRIDE ARRIVING WITH HER FATHER, LORD RIBBLESDALE, AND ONE OF HER  
PAGES.

MR. PERCY WYNDHAM AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING THE CHURCH.

9. MR. AND THE HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM ON THEIR HONEYMOON,  
AT SAIGHTON GRANGE, CHESHIRE.  
10. MR. ASQUITH TALKING TO A FRIEND OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.  
11. MRS. ASQUITH AND MASTER ANTHONY ASQUITH.

of the Prime Minister; Master Archie Tennant, son of Mr. Harold Tennant; Master Martin Wilson and Master Tony Wilson, sons of Major Mathew Wilson; Master Michael Lindsay; Lady Ursula Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster; Lady Hermione Lyton, daughter of Lord Lyton; Miss Helen Asquith, daughter of the Prime Minister; Ladies Mary and Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, daughters of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury; and Ladies Lettice and Sibell Lygon. Saighton Grange, Cheshire, where the bridal pair went for their honeymoon, belongs to Mr. Percy Wyndham's parents.—[Photographs by L.N.A., G.P.U., Newspaper Illustrations, Topical, and Illustrations Bureau.]

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE critics duly expressed their admiration at Sir Herbert Tree's "pluck" in withdrawing "The Happy Island" promptly; they always do admire the "pluck" of a manager who cuts his losses quickly; I confess myself so dense as not to see why the word "pluck" is relevant to such an obvious piece of commercial wisdom. "The School for Scandal" promises to be quite a successful stop-gap. The fact that Sir Herbert is the only member of a cast of twenty speaking parts which presented it in 1909 who is now in the bill throws a rather startling light on the methods of modern management. His Sir Peter is well known, and deserves to be. One may allege that he takes some passages too slowly and tries to introduce a sentimental note which is not in the play; but there is plenty of humour in his performance, and a sense of style not exhibited by all the performers. For instance, Mr. Matheson Lang, the Charles Surface, is quite boisterous and modern, with something that almost suggests the method of musical comedy. One may set against him the Joseph of Mr. Philip Merivale, one of the best of our times, possessing ease and elegance, and avoiding the common fault of seeming transparently hypocritical. The ordinary stage Joseph would hardly deceive a Welsh rabbit. Concerning the new Lady Teazle, Miss Neilson-Terry, it is difficult to write. It has been printed that her performance is one of genius, though not faultless, and also that it is merely a clever piece of over-acting. Who is to judge between such extremes save the public?—and there will be very many thousands of judges; and consequently, of opinions: in fact, *tot homines*. Some quite excellent pieces of acting were given by Miss Frances Dillon, Miss Rose Edouin, and Messrs. A. E. George, Nigel Playfair, J. Fisher-White, G. W. Anson, and H. Morrell. Also the scenery is very handsome, and some of the dresses are beautiful.

"Cæsar and Cleopatra," with the new prelude by the author in the performance, and the third act which was omitted when the play was presented at the Savoy, drew a crowded house at Drury Lane, where it forms one of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's series of revivals. The prologue is characteristic of "G. B. S." though it hardly shows him at his best with its mixture of clever, ironic denunciation of modern civilisation, and jokes that are not quite worthy of the author. The third act does not play quite as well as it reads, yet has its very amusing moments and ingenious pieces of stage business. On the whole, "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is a baffling, witty, bewildering, indescribable, interesting melodramatic farce, signed all over by the daring dramatist. Nobody will admit his and its claim to present a picture of the real Cæsar, and none can deny that the hero is a very engaging, highly humorous person with a subtle suggestion of power and fine intelligence. Mr. Forbes-Robertson realises the character finely: the ironic humour suits him, and the pathetic note of grieved vanity concerning age is rendered charmingly; whilst throughout he suggests admirably the commanding nature of the great man. It would be hyper-criticism to say that he is so lucky as not to be sufficiently bald to justify the joke about the wreath. Miss Gertrude Elliott may not be quite the ideal Cleopatra, who, even at the age of sixteen, must have exhibited the charm of the fateful Egyptian Queen; but her acting has improved a great deal, and she played with plenty of vivacity. The Britannus of Mr. Ian Robertson was irresistibly comic (would that there were more of it!) and Mr. Alex Scott-Gatty was an agreeable Apollodorus.

Apparently "Eliza" has "come to stay," thanks to Mr. Esmond's clever writing and Miss Eva Moore's clever performance at the Criterion. As a prelude—the word is not very happy, but "curtain-raiser" is horrible—there is now a one-act play by Mr. Gerald Dunn, called "Fancy Dress," which serves its purpose very well. It may not belong to the new type of one-act drama, being an affair of plot, not character. The meeting between the real burglar and the householder, masquerading in fancy dress as a Bill Sikes, is quite effective, and leads to a fairly ingenious situation. Whether the real burglar would have been deceived for a minute is a matter which it is needless to discuss, though one may hint that the genuine cracksman, as a rule, has no great anxiety to proclaim his calling by his costume. Anyhow, the audience were well pleased and applauded the performance of Mr. Fred Grove and Mr. Charles Esdale.

A visit to the Adelphi Theatre will find "The Dancing Mistress" going very strong and fortified by the addition of new numbers; and if your memory is very good, you may perhaps distinguish among the many numbers which are new and which are old. At any rate, all are on a high level, and if there is any distinction to be made, one may perhaps say that Miss Gertie Millar has been specially favoured in the additions which have been made to her part of the romantic young dancing mistress at the school of the formidable Miss Pindrop. But a cast which included such artists as Miss Gracie Leigh, Miss Elsie Spain, Mr. James Blakeley, Mr. Joseph Coyne, and Mlle. Caumont was bound to make the play a success; and "The Dancing Mistress" will run through many more additions and editions.



## IN THREE CONTINENTS: TOPICS FROM SPAIN, ENGLAND, TIBET, AND BASUTOLAND.

## King Alfonso's Peril.

If the man who shot at King Alfonso really did so because he wished to commit suicide, and thought that an execution would save him from a trial of nerve, it seems that there is a new danger to the lives of kings, for such an example is likely to be followed. A mad dog who bites in order that he may be killed is an extraordinarily dangerous animal. No reigning monarch—not even the elders amongst the Kings of Europe—has had so many attempts made on his life as King Alfonso has. The Paris attempt (made when the King was driving with President Loubet) and the bomb at the King's wedding (which killed and wounded so many people, but did not hurt the King and Queen) are the two best known of the attempts on the King's life; but there have been at least three other attacks made, two of them before he came to the throne.

**The Catalonian Trouble.** Barcelona, from which city the would-be murderer comes, has always been a centre of trouble. The Catalonians think that their province should be an independent kingdom, and Anarchy has many times tried to raise its head in Barcelona. The bomb outrage in the big opera-house of Barcelona is of comparatively recent history; and the execution of one of the leading journalists and politicians of Barcelona, a later event, shocked that city and the whole of Catalonia. When King Alfonso paid a visit to Barcelona all the world held its breath, expecting something terrible to happen, but the King's pluck has carried him, as yet, through all dangers. His skill as a horseman came to his aid in the latest attempt on his life, though I should imagine that the grasp of

ENGAGED ON THE "MARTIN MYSTERY": MR. WILLIAM J. BURNS, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN DETECTIVE—AND USER OF THE DETECTOPHONE.

Mr. Burns happened to be in London at the time of the disappearance of Mr. Joseph Wilberforce Martin, and the missing man's relatives at once secured his services. Mr. Burns, it will be recalled, pins great faith to a device called the detectophone. This is a special form of portable telephone of exceptional sensitiveness. A transmitter is hidden in the room in which suspected persons will talk and is connected with the apartment occupied by the detectives. Thus the conversation of the "suspects" can be overheard and taken down in shorthand. The instrument was used with great success in the Labour dynamite case in the United States. Mr. Burns, by the way, figures on three reels of cinematograph films, which show him tracing and exposing the Land Swindlers in America.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

the assailant on the rein would make the King's horse rear—apart from anything that his Majesty himself did.

**The Universal Service Bill.** Universal Service for National Home Defence certainly gained a point in the discussion of the "talked-out" Private Member's Bill introduced by Captain Sandys into the House of Commons. The more light that is thrown on proposals such as those that Captain Sandys made to the House, and which Sir Charles Rose seconded, the less dangerous becomes that old bugbear, Conscription, which is still danced before the mothers of country lads, who imagine that if their sons wear a Territorial uniform they can be dragged away to foreign wars. Sir Charles Rose, who was the seconder of the Bill, had every right to talk of the sacrifices that Britons should make to obtain security at home, for he lost two sons in Africa during the Boer War. Colonel Seely quoted the General Staff as an authority that when our Expeditionary Force had gone abroad we should still be able to crush a raid by 70,000

picked European troops—an answer which, in the opinion of most soldiers, shows prodigious optimism on the part of the General Staff.

## The Tibetan in England.

Four sons of high Tibetan officials and a number of Tibetan lads from Darjeeling are coming to England—the aristocrats amongst them to absorb the wisdom of the West, and the commoners to learn our trades. A Tibetan in English clothes will look just like those Japanese and Chinese young gentlemen with cropped hair, small moustaches, and spectacles, who attract not the least notice in Fleet Street or at Oxford. It is only on his own great tableland that the Tibetan is a picturesque individual. The Tibetan boys from Darjeeling probably already know all that India can teach them, for Darjeeling, though it is very high up in the air and very close to the eternal snows, is a centre of civilisation in the summer and knows all that Calcutta knows. The raw Tibetans who come into the Darjeeling market through Sikkim give picturesqueness to the place—the men with their praying-wheels in their hands, the women with their plaited hair and rough jewellery of turquoise matrix. But though the Tibetan maiden looks as though she possesses no brains, she is sharp enough when chaffering with a "globe-trotter" as to the price of a necklace.

**The Basutos.** The name of the new Paramount Chief of Basutoland, Griffith, sounds extraordinarily

British, but as he is brother to Letsie, the late Paramount Chief, he is of the purest Basuto blood. The Basutos hold very tightly to the skirts of our King. They have no wish to be swallowed up in the union of the various South African colonies, and there was a despairing pathos in Griffith's message sent through Lord Gladstone to his Majesty that the Basutos are still "weak children" and are not yet fit to be detached from their mother's breast.

## Some Basuto Memories.

During the time I was in South Africa I was brought into contact at various times with the Basutos, and those of them whom I came to know certainly were not "weak children." They are splendid horsemen and splendid horse-masters. The Basuto pony never seems to tire, and it goes unshod and unharmed over rough, stony places that would knock the hoofs of a plains-bred horse to pieces. The detachments of Basutos who were with the British forces in Zululand produced wonderful scouts. They saw "veldt signs" that the most highly trained white hunter could not see, and they were marvellously cool in action. On the fatal day that the Prince Imperial was killed some Basutos had been detailed to go out with him, but either the message miscarried or the little men were too long in saddling up, and the Prince and his party started without them. Had the Basutos been with the Prince when he and his comrades off-saddled by the fatal donga, they would have told him of the presence of the Zulus, their numbers, and what they were doing.



ENGAGED ON THE "MARTIN MYSTERY": DETECTIVE-SUPERINTENDENT McCARTHY, OF THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT, SCOTLAND YARD.

Photograph by C.N.

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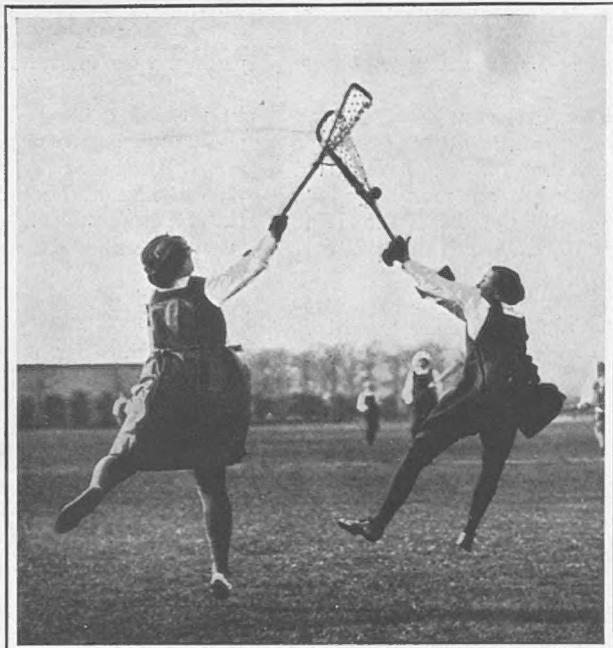
MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH—FOR CONDUCTING "THE RING" FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND.



SIGNOR CARUSO—FOR MANAGING TO RUB ALONG ON £500 A NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN.



"THE PROFESSOR" (MR. F. A. CARNEY)—FOR BEING THE FIRST SPECTACLED WINNER (WITH MR. E. G. BARTLETT) OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACQUETS.



THE PLAYERS IN THE WALES v. SCOTLAND LADIES' LACROSSE MATCH AT RICHMOND—FOR SHOWING SUBSTANTIAL REASONS FOR NOT BEING HAMPERED WITH SKIRTS, AND ILLUSTRATING WOMAN'S ABILITY TO SOAR.



THE KING OF SPAIN—FOR TWICE PROVIDING A "SCOOP" FOR THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



MR. H. FRANKLIN—FOR BEING THE FIRST MALE SUFFRAGIST FORCIBLY FED.



TOM BURROWS—FOR SWINGING INDIAN CLUBS FOR 107 HOURS WITHOUT STOPPING.



MR. GUSTAV HAMEL—FOR HIS PEACEFUL "INVASION" OF GERMANY BY AIR IN FOUR HOURS.



D. MAHER—FOR WINNING FOUR RACES ON ONE DAY.

The "Illustrated London News" has good reason to be grateful to King Alfonso, who has twice provided that paper with material for a journalistic "scoop." Its current issue contains the only photograph of the recent attempt on the King's life in Madrid, taken at the actual moment. The "Illustrated London News" was the only weekly paper to give this photograph, as it was also the first paper to publish the remarkable snapshot of the bomb outrage against the King and Queen of Spain on their wedding day.—Mr. Roger Fry has organised an undertaking called the Omega Workshops, Limited, for applying Post-Impressionism to domestic decorations and furniture.—Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Labour Leader, who is at present in India, recently brought down his first tiger, a nine-footer.—Earl Grey has instituted the practice of getting complimentary City luncheons finished within the hour, speeches and all. One given the other day to Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, was over in fifty-five minutes.—Mr. Arthur Nikisch is to conduct the three cycles of "The Ring" at Covent Garden. He has never before conducted "The Ring" in England.—Signor Enrico Caruso has been engaged for the opera season at Covent Garden, and is said to be receiving £500 a night for each appearance.—Wellington beat Haileybury by four games to love in the final of the Public Schools Racquets Championship at Queen's Club on Friday.—The first international match held by the Ladies' Lacrosse Association, that between England and Wales, was played at Richmond last Thursday. Scotland won by 11 goals to 2. Our photograph shows a Welsh player intercepting a pass.—Mr. Hugh Franklin was mentioned by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons the other day as being one of four Suffragists who were being forcibly fed.—Tom Burrows, an Australian athlete, succeeded in swinging a pair of 3lb 6oz. Indian clubs for 107 hours continuously, at 80 swings a minute, at Aldershot. After doing 100 hours he went on to try and beat the 120-hours record.—Mr. Gustav Hamel did a remarkable non-stop flight the other day, on a Blériot monoplane, with a passenger, from Dover to Cologne (245 miles) in 258 minutes, and in rough weather. The flight was arranged by the "Standard."—D. Maher, the well-known jockey, made a record at Newmarket on Thursday, winning four races in the one day, including the Craven Stakes, in which he rode Lord Rosebery's Sanquhar.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Swaine, Dupont, Sport and General, Record Press, and L.N.A.

## GUARDS UP! THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE RACES.



SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bt., V.C.; AND MRS. MITCHEL HENRY.



MAJOR THE HON. J. F. GATHORNE-HARDY, BROTHER OF THE EARL OF CRANBROOK; LORD LOVAT; AND LADY VICTORIA STANLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF DERBY.



SEEN AT HAWTHORNE HILL: LORD AND LADY VIVIAN.



LORD WORSLEY, SON OF THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH, THIRD IN THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS' REGIMENTAL RACE.



A COMPETITOR IN THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS' REGIMENTAL RACE: EARL COMPTON, SON OF THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON, ON WICKLOW II.



CAPTAIN R. G. HOWARD-VYSE, OWNER AND RIDER OF CHANTREY, WINNER OF THE HORSE GUARDS' REGIMENTAL RACE.



MR. BINGHAM AND LADY ROSABELLE BINGHAM, DAUGHTER OF LORD ROSSLYN.



AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEETING: LORD TWEEDMOUTH; AND LORD AND LADY GERARD.



THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA (ON RIGHT).

The Household Brigade Meeting was held at Hawthorne Hill the other day. The weather was decidedly "mixed," but the attendance was good. The Royal Horse Guards' Regimental Race was won by Captain R. G. Howard-Vyse's Chantrey (Owner); the Grenadier Guards' Challenge Cup, by Lord Gort's Peggy Royston (Owner); the 1st Life Guards' Challenge Cup, by Mr. B. H. Wyndham's Red Knight II. (Lord Caledon); the Coldstream Plate Challenge Cup, by Mr. G. Lambton's Suffolk (Owner); the Household Brigade Cup, by Mr. H. E. de Trafford's Red Stork (Owner); the 2nd Life Guards' Regimental Challenge Cup, by Mr. W. H. C. Beaumont's Flying Start (Owner); and the Scots Guards' Challenge Cup, by Captain G. Paynter's Miss Ratkin (Owner).—[Photographs by Topical, Sport and General, and Newspaper Illustrations.]



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF "HULLO, RAG-TIME!"

The Basis of  
"Hullo, Rag-  
Time!"

The best part of Sunday—or perhaps I ought to say the worst—was spent by me in thinking over "Hullo, Rag-Time," and there were moments during it when I felt that I would sooner be playing golf, or even spinning for that *rara avis*, the Thames trout. Most members of the more than four hundred thousand people who, according to the programme, have seen the revue don't bother their heads about such a question as how the piece came into

there is an element of frenzy which one might call inspiration, that lifts it above the efforts of the other performers. In sharp contrast are the tranquil efforts of Mr. Lew Hearn, quaintly amusing always, not because of what he says, but on account of his queer mode of utterance—for the poor man, like the rest of them, has little in the way of wit to utter. His amazing voice is of strange fascination—he must have a trying time in real life if he has always to speak like that: perhaps he has, and this gives him the pathetic air which is the foundation of the popularity of his humour. Mr. George Bickel's humours are broader; his best work is in the scene with the piano that he carries about. The house was nearly suffocated with laughter over the comic device for obtaining beer; this is the funniest thing in the revue.

The Beauty Chorus. "Hullo, Rag-time!" has spread its net wide and caught not only such a clever actor as

Mr. Heggie, but also that dainty little person,

Miss Dorothy Minto, for more than a year the delight of London as "darling Dora." You should see her as the "Military Mary Ann" with the deadly Beauty Chorus. At least, you should not unless you are beauty-proof; and hear her singing, or rather saying, her song finely; and watch her neat dancing: indeed, we had too little of her for my taste. However, I gather that, on the whole, it is the Beauty Chorus that has done the trick, and already brought nearly half a million people to the Hippodrome anxious to see these fascinating creatures in, and a good deal out of, their daring, sometimes beautiful costumes, marching up and down the platform through the audience. And every one of them has a kind of swaggering air which seems to say, "I am one of the Beauty Chorus and worth my place, and don't you forget it"—an air which carried my mind back to the sleepy city of Arles, and the Sunday when I saw the old Roman theatre half-filled by crowds of the Arlesian women with quaint, modified Phrygian caps, each one of them, down to the plainest and oldest, bearing herself in a manner that indicated her pride in being one of the beautiful women of the place—which has the biggest mosquitoes that ever poisoned themselves on me. The management should develop this marching through the audience movement a little further, and, in the interest of fair play, let the chorus patronise every avenue of the ground floor. However, being a married man and a lover of peace, I dare not write any more about the Beauty Chorus; since

WHEN THE MIDNIGHT CHOO-CHOO LEAVES FOR ALABAMA.

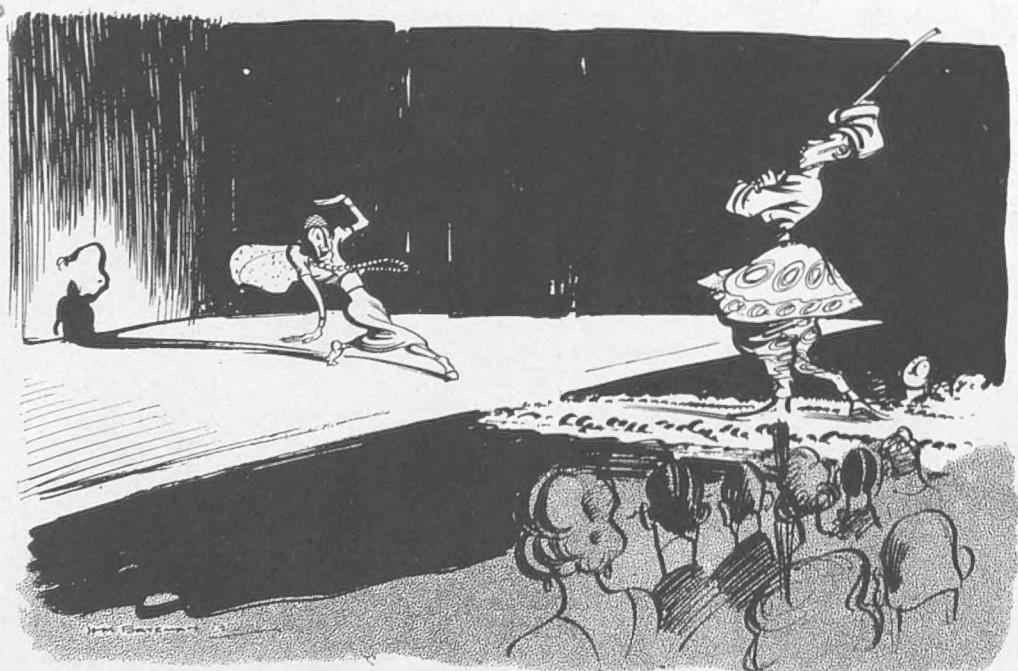
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FOR SALE.

existence. Probably they think that, like Topsy, "it growed"; that, of course, is all nonsense. A man does not set to work to write a revue without forming some kind of ground-plan or scheme to start with, or, to use a technical term, a scenario, that naturally would show a connection between all the parts of it. This ground-plan or scheme is what I was trying to discover, and failed. Perhaps if I had seen the first edition as well as the second I might have succeeded, but I doubt whether the management would perform it over again merely for my benefit. It may be that I ought to have seen the show twice, for I notice that, according to one Press criticism, "Fully to appreciate the manifold appeal of 'Hullo, Rag-Time!' one must see it again"—a phrase rather calculated to deter people not clever enough to begin by paying it a second visit. And, after all, who cares? Does it matter a rap whether it is as formless as an Irish stew, or chaotic as the present political situation? I don't. The ruling idea is said to be that rag-time pervades everything; but it does not pervade everything, even in the piece. For instance, the revue contains a number called "The Dramatists Get What They Want," which has nothing to do with rag-time, and is said to have been written by Mr. J. M. Barrie; but I confess that, although very well acquainted with his dramatic work, I did not recognise his touch. It consisted, apparently, of a skit on Mr. Kistemaekers' play called "Instinct," and was notable mainly for a clever burlesque performance by Mr. O. P. Heggie and Miss Ethel Levey.

Miss Ethel Levey.

The spirit of rag-time seems to be Miss Levey, the chief figure in the revue. Her strident, effective singing—and, above all, her tremendous dancing—have a mysterious charm which very well expound the dance that professes to be so modern and really is almost as old as the hills. She must, I think, be the reincarnation of one of the Mænads. Indeed, I suspect that those frenzied women danced a species of rag-time, or something uncommonly like it, and that the opposition to the introduction of the mystic rites was really organised by the ancient admirers of classic music. Fortunately, critics in our days are not treated as unkindly as poor Pentheus or the unhappy Lycurgus. Anyhow, in Miss Levey's dancing, or part of it,



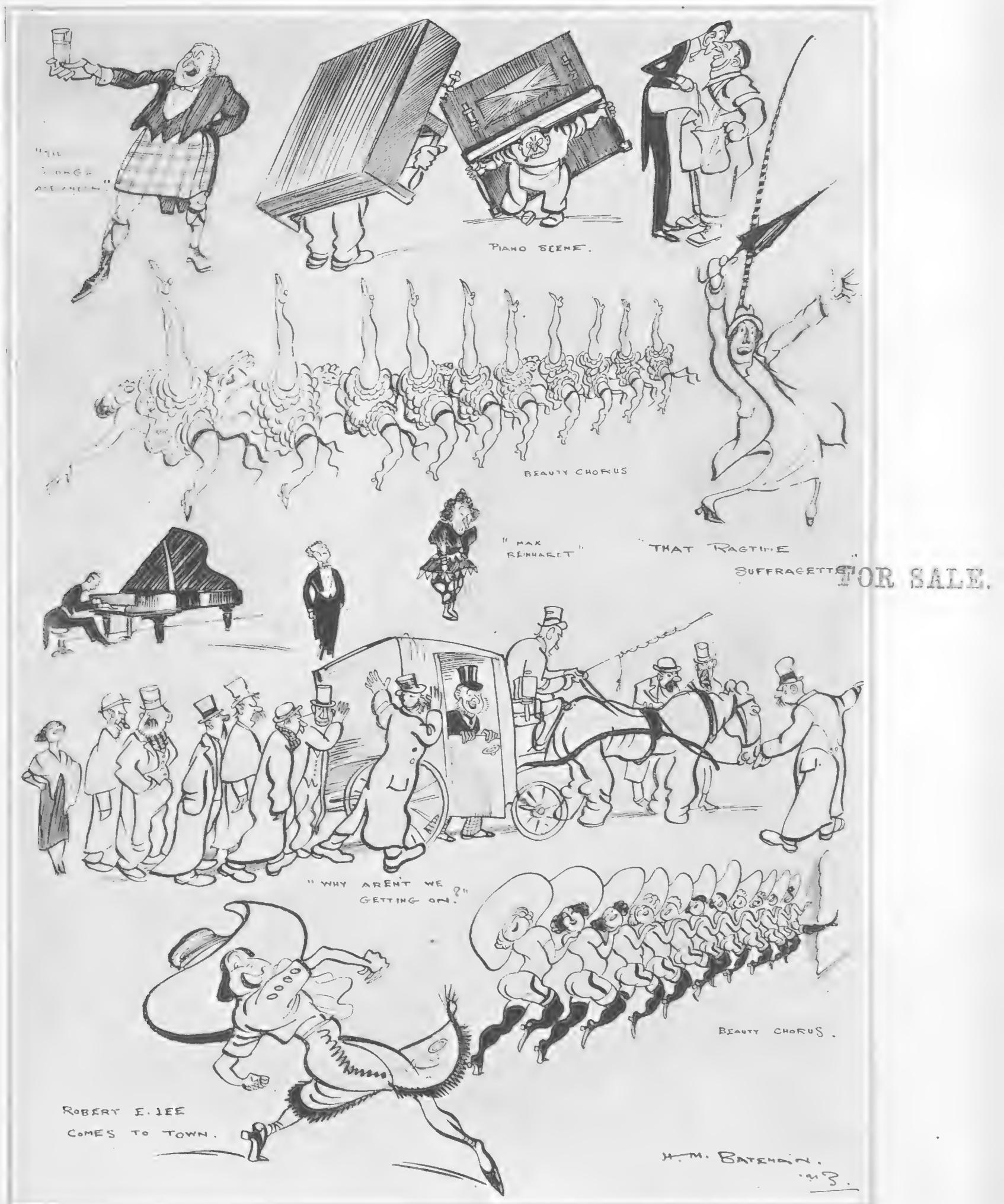
"SUMURUN"—ACCORDING TO "HULLO, RAG-TIME!"

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

against the maxim that there is safety in numbers may be set the observation of the unhappy woman in the story, who could get her husband past seven public-houses, but not past seventy. "Hullo, Rag-time!"—what an impudent thing: a saucy review, jig-jogging madly along to the frantic corybantic strains of the syncopated music that has set America crazy and rendered much of London mad!

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "HULLO, RAGTIME!"



RE-VISITED: NEW FEATURES IN THE LONDON HIPPODROME REVUE.

Several new and attractive features have been added to the London Hippodrome's very successful revue—why not "review"?—"Hullo, Ragtime!"

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## THE MARQUESS OF CREWE.

**A**MONG the letters in the unparalleled sale beginning at Sotheby's on May 1 is one from Mrs. Browning, "I do like men who are not ashamed to be happy by a cradle. Monckton Milnes had a brilliant christening luncheon, and his baby was presented in Indian muslin and Brussels lace to a very large circle of admiring guests." That baby is now Lord Crewe, and a bidder in the auction-room.

## One Acre, One Book.

been poring over that Browning Catalogue. Personal allusions are not the only interesting things he finds in it. His concern for literature is not merely a pedigree one; his reading is not confined to the family books. A large portion of his library, it is true, is inherited, but he has been a buyer, and has more than kept to the rule of one acre, one book: his acreage is twenty-five thousand; his library thirty-two thousand volumes. He has been chairman of the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome; he has written rhymes of his own, and "Stray Verses" has wandered into a circulation of many hundreds where he had calculated upon dozens. But save in the case of his own writings, he is a fair judge of values; the tentative prices he puts upon the margins of his copy of the Browning Catalogue will be nearer the mark than those hazarded by other amateurs ambitious of obtaining relics of the two poets.

## Shady Leaves and Pages.

Of his own verses he does not, I believe, countenance a reprint. One couplet about

Meeting a lady  
In a lane that is shady

sticks in my mind; but doubtless I murder it by misquotation. But Lord Crewe would rather let it pass in a garbled form than draw the eyes of the world upon the original version by correcting me. As the Ministerial leader in the Lords he has to be more cautious about shady lanes and rhythms than he did as the young son of a free-lance in Letters. Lord Crewe buys books, and feeds an occasional poet; but he makes no rule of keeping open house, as his father did, for the ragged or erratic regiments of the arts. Swinburne came at one time under Lord Houghton's wing, and other friendships prospered on a literary understanding that must have failed on any other. He chose queer companions and espoused queer causes. "Without a doubt Lord Houghton is the man to go to if one is in distress," said a fellow to his friend. "No," corrected the other, "he is the man to go to if one is in disgrace."

**The Whine-Cellar.** Lord Crewe's triumph is that nobody cares to classify him. Whenever it is said of a man that he is a genius or a bore, a gentleman or a sportsman, the implication is that he is ruled out of certain departments of existence. Even your "awfully decent fellow" is made to keep his place; his capacities are confined to being a fellow and decent. Lord Crewe has no such titles: he is a gentleman, but nobody reproaches him with the fact; he is amiable, but it is never suggested that his end and aim is amiability; he is a man of infinite tact, but without the guile that lurks somewhere behind the phrase. His temper in debate is never ruffled, but he is not wanting in spirit; his voice is smooth and persuasive, but he never pleads with his opponents, and it was not on his account that the House of Commons recently earned the name of "Whine-Cellar."

**Thirteen Again.** Lord Crewe has adopted none of the many Parliamentary manners thought to be becoming by the average politician. The ready-made mantle of oratory is generally a misfit, and he has refused it. He has, in the House, the gesture and intonation that make him one of the most popular of dandies-out. It was, by the way, at a dinner given by Viscount Morley at Claridge's two years ago that Lord Crewe was seized with illness—one incident in an extraordinary chapter of accidents. Crewe House was set on fire while Lady Crewe was still confined to her room with a new-born son and heir, appendicitis having previously attacked her at a critical time. Need it be said that there were exactly thirteen people at the Morley dinner?

**The Rosebery Eye.** His Primrose days began in 1899, when he married one of the two daughters who have never failed to astonish and delight their father with flashes, and more than flashes, of the paternal wit and humour. Lord Rosebery is not, from the politician's point of view, the most comfortable sort of man to have for a father-in-law; and it is doubtful whether Lord Dalmeny or Lord Crewe has had to bear up the more in Berkeley Square against dinner-table criticism of their public utterances. Lord Rosebery never troubles to criticise things that do not greatly

interest him; and his interest in Lord Crewe is abounding; it runs over into the social channels. Save for his father-in-law's severe eye, Lord Crewe would, during the last few years, have often forgotten that he is himself a member of the Turf Club.

## The Beggar Maid.

Lady Crewe, the Lady "Peggy" Primrose of twelve or so years back, has often been told that she is like the lovely girl of Burne-Jones's "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," a picture now



SON AND HEIR OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF CREWE: THE EARL OF MADELEY.

Richard George Archibald John Lucian Hungerford Crewe-Milnes, Earl of Madeley, was born on Feb. 7, 1911.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

in Lord Crewe's possession. Although it is difficult to match the characters of the canvas with the living personages of Crewe House, the facial resemblance does exist. But the Pre-Raphaelite maiden never smiles; and that is why she is less lovely than her sister in the flesh.

## A HOSTESS OF THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE POTTERIES.

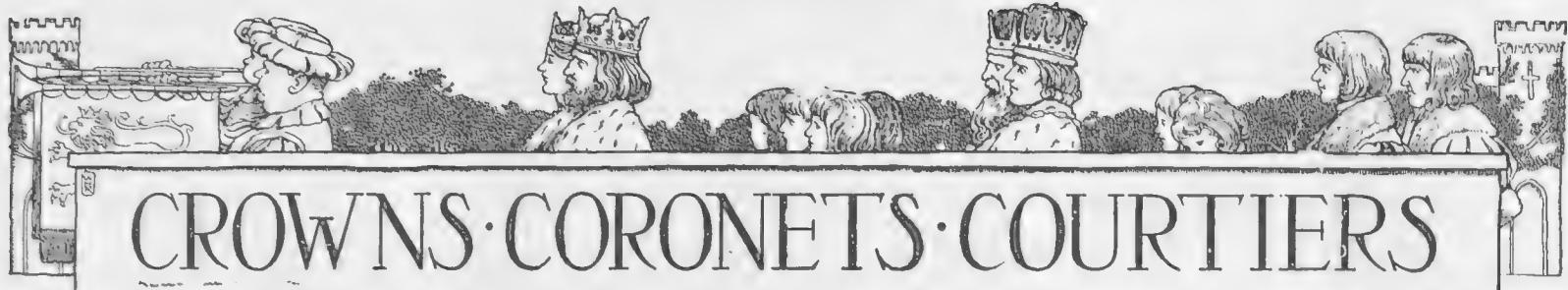


69325. Germany.

DAUGHTER OF LORD ROSEBURY AND WIFE OF THE FIRST MARQUESS OF CREWE:  
THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE.

The King and Queen arranged to honour the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe by being their guests during their two days' visit to North Staffordshire this week. The Marchioness is the younger daughter of Lord Rosebery, and was born in 1881. She is a charming hostess at Crewe Hall, Crewe; Madele, Manor,

Newcastle, Staffordshire; and Crewe House, Curzon Street, W.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



# CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS



OF THE BRITISH POLO TEAM FOR AMERICA:  
CAPTAIN LESLIE CHEAPE.

Photograph by *Sport and General*.

the races; he does Newmarket thoroughly ever needs putting into good humour with the House and its owner would be prescribed by most judges of horses who are also judges of men. Lord Wolverton is a racing enthusiast who never forgets his other enthusiasms. His nursery interests him even more than his stables; he has been a London County Councillor, and can fall back, if necessary, on anecdotes of the Church, gleaned from his uncle, the Bishop of Peterborough.

*Clubmen and Stud-Men.*

King is of longer standing than Lord Wolverton's; and Lady Wolverton's family is equally honoured. Her brother's wife, Lady Dudley, is the pet of queens, and her younger son is god-mothered by Princess Louise. Of intimacy in another generation of "the Wolvertons," Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke writes, in his Life of the Duchess of Teck, "One Whitsuntide the choir of a London church had been

Not even Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's friendship with the

Princess had very kindly consented to drive over from White Lodge in the afternoon. It rained so hard, however, that we were in despair, when, to our great joy, her Royal Highness and Princess May (now Queen Mary) arrived. As there was no prospect of the weather clearing, the Duchess read to the men. Her reading was the most enchanting thing to hear." To-day, stud-grooms, instead of choirmen, profit by a



OF THE BRITISH POLO TEAM WHICH IS TO ENDEAVOUR TO WIN THE AMERICA CUP:  
CAPTAIN GEORGE BELLVILLE — ON NIPPY.

As at present arranged, the British Polo Team, which is to make another attempt to win the America Cup for this country, will sail for the United States on May 8. It consists of Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, Captain; Lord Wodehouse, Mr. F. M. Freake, Captain George Bellville, Captain Leslie Cheape, Captain R. G. Ritson, Major Mathew-Lannow, and Captain V. N. Lockett. The first of the test matches will be played at Meadowbrook on June 10.—

*(Continued opposite.)*

Photograph by *Sport and General*.

THE King's two Newmarket evenings were spent with Lord Wolverton and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. Lord Wolverton, whose entertainment was at Queensberry House, is a yachtsman, a motorist, and a racing man. His duties as a member of the Royal Household and a multiplicity of other home engagements have rather spoilt his chances of big-game hunting; and even in South Africa he became famous as Press Censor instead of as a long shot. But nothing keeps him from

them to church and waited for them round the corners of Arlington Street were in several cases supplied with discreet dressing-bags, and afterwards made off in the direction of the Heath. Mr. Dudley and Lady Barbara Smith, Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield, the Hon. Edwin Portman and Mr. Baring all had parties, and Lord Derby, Lord Harewood, Lord Allendale, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, and Lord St. Davids were close followers of the day's work. The Duchess of Newcastle also was present, and as keenly observant as the most experienced of the Peers. While she was using

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OF THE BRITISH POLO TEAM: CAPTAIN R. G. RITSON — ON PRETTY BOY.

Photograph by *Sport and General*.



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Photograph by *Sport and General*.

invited by Lady Wolverton to spend a day at Coombe Wood, and the Princess had very kindly consented to drive over from White Lodge in the afternoon. It rained so hard, however, that we were in despair, when, to our great joy, her Royal Highness and Princess May (now Queen Mary) arrived. As there was no prospect of the weather clearing, the Duchess read to the men. Her reading was the most enchanting thing to hear." To-day, stud-grooms, instead of choirmen, profit by a

Is he, too, thinking of opening an "establishment"?

*The Philosophy of Flowers.* Pall Mall took care to be gay with primroses on Saturday, and all Clubland made ready to sprinkle itself with pale yellow. The Carlton and the Junior Carlton both undertook to distribute the buttonholes provided by the League; and even the Cavalry, whose members do not generally get their flowers from the hedgerows or for nothing, was provided with hampers. Further West the Ladies' Park Club, particularly, entered into the spirit of the day; but Colonel Seely was faithful to his daffodil. St. George's Day brings the rose, which nobody is very keen about wearing: it is non-party and costs twopence!

*Races and the Race.* After the wedding-breakfast many people went straight to Newmarket. The motors that took

Lady Duff-Gordon's reception was the event of the week in Hanover Square; even a first-rate wedding at St. George's could not muster a gayer crowd. It is amply clear that her custom did not go down with the *Titanic*. Among her visitors were Countess Benckendorff, the Countess of Cavan, Lady Borthwick, Countess Cassilis, Viscountess Tiverton, Mrs. Ian Bullough, Lady Wodehouse, and Lady Ottoline Morrell. The list contains enough talent to run a dozen millinery shops. And Lady Ottoline has more than talent; she has a genius for gowns, as for other of the arts. But why was Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who is by no means a potential purchaser, of the party?



INJURED THE OTHER DAY: MR. W. S. BUCKMASTER, CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH "AMERICA CUP" POLO TEAM — ON METEOR.

*(Continued.)* — The British team have been much assisted by the Duke of Westminster and other owners, who have bought for them the best ponies in England. Our photographs were taken recently during practice games at Eaton Hall, during one of which Mr. Buckmaster had a bad fall, and tore the ligaments of his right shoulder-blade. Mr. Buckmaster continued to play for a week, but was then forbidden further games for some while.

Photograph by *Sport and General*.

## GOOD JUDGES TOO! JUSTICE AT THE BAR POINT-TO-POINTS.



1. LORD JUSTICE RANN KENNEDY; MR. LAURISTON L. BATTEN, K.C.;  
AND MR. JUSTICE BANKES.

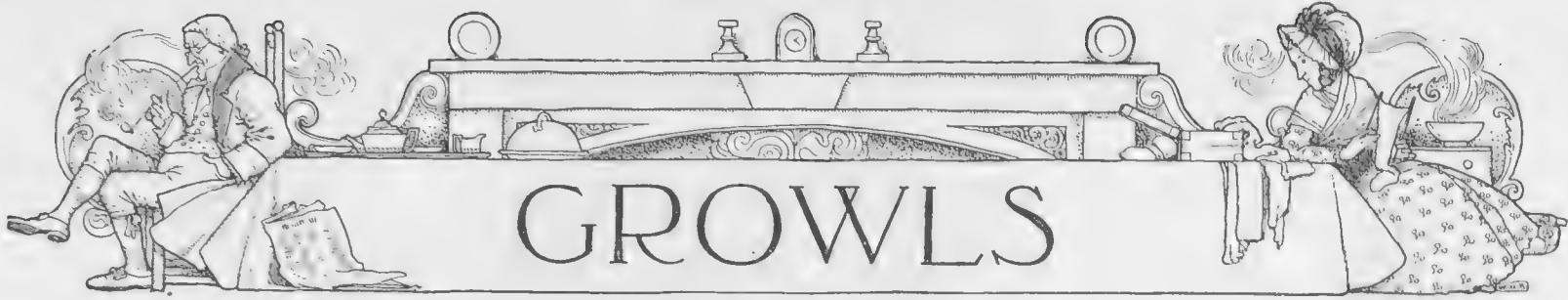
3. MRS. PRETYMAN NEWMAN; MR. JUSTICE HORRIDGE; AND LADY  
HORRIDGE.

2. MR. JUSTICE AVORY AND MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE ON THE  
JUDGES' CART.

4. MISS CHANNELL; MR. JUSTICE CHANNELL; AND MR. J. W.  
BARNES.

Sir William Rann Kennedy, who was born in 1846, has been a Lord of Appeal since 1907. He was a Judge of the King's Bench Division from 1892 to 1907.—Mr. L. L. Batten, born in 1863, practises in the Admiralty Court and on the Oxford Circuit.—Sir John Eldon Banks, born in 1854, was appointed a Judge of the King's Bench Division in 1910.—Sir Horace Avory, who was born in 1851, has been a Judge of the King's Bench Division since 1910.—Sir Alfred Tristram Lawrence, who was born in 1843, has been a Judge of the High Court since 1904.—Sir Thomas Horridge has been a Judge of the King's Bench Division since 1910.—Sir Arthur Moseley Channell, who was born in 1838, has been a Judge of the King's Bench Division since 1897.—The Bar-Point-to-Point Steeplechases took place at the Army Remount Depot.

Photographs by L.N.A., Sport and General, and C.N.



## THE JUDICIAL JOKIST ; HUMOUR'S WHITE - WIGGED BLACK - LEG.

AS one who is fated to earn what is facetiously spoken of as a living by the production of a certain amount of alleged humour, I am essentially a serious person, and in that capacity I feel it to be my duty to direct public attention to something which constitutes a deeply regrettable breach of the fundamental rules of fair-play. I allude to the unwarrantable position of vantage assigned to our judges in the domain of mirth-manufacture. As I am speaking in the interests of justice, I shall take every precaution to deal perfectly justly with the question and to adduce no facts or arguments which are not indisputable. In the first place, I would disclaim any prejudice against the right of a gentleman holding a judicial appointment to enliven the proceedings of his court by all the legitimate means at his disposal. I should be the last person in the world to attempt to lay down the rule that people who sit upon benches should not crack jokes, and were I engaged in litigation, it would give me some satisfaction to know that the Judge trying my case was not wholly unendowed with a sense of humour. Neither have I any seriously adverse criticism to pass upon the standard of humour maintained by the Bench. There is at least one of its ornaments who is to be numbered amongst the most subtle and accomplished quipsters of the day, and who, had he not risen to his present eminence, would have been perfectly capable of earning a respectable income from our comic papers. Some of the wittiest sayings on record have emanated from the Royal Courts of Justice, and many an appeal has resulted in a peal of laughter. What I purpose to protest against is the preferential treatment accorded to the amateur as contrasted with that which falls to the lot of the professional.

## Paid and Pampered.

Picture the position. Here is a high-salaried and accoladed dignitary, surrounded by all the glamour of the law, possessed of almost unlimited powers of committal for contempt, and seated at an altitude which is of itself a matter of almost incalculable strategic importance. Before him is a motley crowd of barristers, solicitors, court officials, and witnesses, every one of whom is openly anxious to propitiate him and keep in his good books, together with a selection from the British Public, which is only too ready to give an uproarious welcome to any oasis in the dreary desert of desultory dialectic. In addition to these is a string

of reporters conscientiously keen upon annexing anything that may serve as good copy for the newspapers which employ them. Is it possible to conceive of an atmosphere more conducive or surroundings more helpful to jocosity? The only persons in the court who are not ready and willing to dissolve into paroxysms of uncontrollable laughter at a moment's notice and at the mildest of *bons mots* are the misguided litigants who have discovered only too late that they have stuck themselves up as targets for any shaft of wit that may lie in the quiver of him who presides, and even they are ready to roar at anything that may sound to the detriment of an opponent.

Bowing barristers and sycophantic solicitors merely await the opportunity for their sides to ache. Killers of time in the public seats have brought their powers of cachination with them, and pine to show the appreciation of a "gag" which entails no outlay of ready money. Stenographers keep themselves alert not only to chronicle every witticism, but also to emphasise its merits by appending to it the word "laughter," enclosed in brackets. It would be a dullard who could not manage to be merry and bright under such assisting circumstances.

A Contrast. How different is the lot of the professional humourist. He is not allowed to sit aloft, attired in headgear which is in itself an incentive to merriment, and to address *ex cathedra* an audience which is holding its sides almost before a sentence has been completed. He is not allowed to write "laughter" in brackets after his choicest sally.

He has no obsequious usher to preserve a decorous silence in order that no word of wit shall be missed by the audience. With his life unbrightened by the receipt of a handsome salary, and his body undraped in a mirth-provoking costume, he must plod his weary way in the vague and hazy hope that his work may come within the contemplation of some exceptionally bright spirit who will vouchsafe a snigger to his efforts. The one-sidedness of the arrangement is patent, yet it is no easy matter to think of a way of repairing the injustice. Humour is such a precious thing that it would be a sin to repress it in any shape in



PORTMANTEAU AND LIFE-BELT IN ONE: THE DEVICE AS BAG AND AS BELT.

A correspondent writes: "A novel and effective invention has been made by an ex-steward, of Liverpool. It takes the form of a portmanteau which can be transformed into a life-belt in two minutes. Tests of its buoyancy have proved that, if necessary, it can keep two people afloat. It is fitted with pockets for jewellery, stimulants, etc."

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ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF FAME: PRESIDENT POINCARÉ POSING—WITH HEAD-REST AND IN OFFICIAL ATTITUDE—FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

It was arranged the other day by the French Government that President Poincaré should pay an official visit to King George in London next June, arriving on Monday, the 23rd. The date is interesting because it means that for the first time a President of the French Republic will leave France while Parliament is sitting. It is understood that M. Poincaré will be entertained at Buckingham Palace for three days.—[Photograph by Cosmopolitan.]

which it may present itself. But one slight step might, I think, be taken. We might eliminate once and for all from the paraphernalia of the reporter that unjust and unjustifiable word "laughter," together with its offensive accompaniment of brackets.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR !



X.—THE MERE MAN.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.



## NATURE MORTE AND SOME PAINTINGS: A CLIMATE AND A PICTURE-SHOW.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*

YOU who read this leave all hope of being amused. I have exactly two hours to be funny in if I want to catch the post, and I feel in an ultra-pessimistic mood to-night. I am as mournful as Sunday bells. The fact is, everything is going crooked with me just now. I laughed at a man once who, having splashed a drop of potage on a new tie, extended a tragic fist ceiling-ward, and, in a voice tremulous with despair, lamented, "Ah, truly the heavens are in league against me!"

Yes, he was a Frenchman. But I can understand his point of view. It is the drops of potage that exasperate us most. I seem to have been splashed all over lately. Judge a little—I wondered whether I would get me a new fur coat, and found that I should, but could not! I will have to content myself with a new supply of coal, a foot-warmer, and an ointment for chilblains. And I hope some "little bird" will tell the swallows they had better remain where they are for the present. Some two months ago I dreamt dreams of converting a waste patch in my garden into a lawn. The gardener (may he be forgiven for his heartless deception) said that my dream was a realisable one (as if a dream ever were)! With my own eyes I saw the man disporting himself pitilessly among the crocuses, waving his arms picturesquely about, like some Nijinsky afflicted with gout. That was two months ago. Yesterday, in three shawls, snow-boots, and woollen mittens, I ventured into the garden. The waste patch was there unchanged; the gardener was there unchanged too, I think—I did not inspect him closely—but the lawn was still the green dream of a green mind. There fluttered about some bits of red ribbon attached to some wire—"To frighten the birds," said the gardener, for all the world as if English birds were Spanish bulls.

"Did they eat it all?" I asked.

"Who ate what, Mam?"

"The seed I saw you sow," said I. It did sound like some Berlitzian exercise, but the man did not need to have ruminated quite so long over it.

"The seed's all right; the grass will come up all right. You'll have a lawn all right, Mam, you will."

"Ah," I said; "but when?"

And the man answered placidly, as if unconscious of his callous sarcasm, "As soon as we get the sun!"

I went in sad and shrunken, and poked the fire. "I must see fearless flowers, insolent skies, grass green and hardy, with the sun, serene and sure of itself, shining over it all. I'll pack and leave England again," I sighed; and someone said, "Go, rather, and see

Miss Rice's paintings at the Baillie Gallery." I went and saw a roomful of works of cleverness and ease. I saw flowers and trees and skies bursting with colour. And I thought of something that a good and honest painter—a French painter of note, the artist H. F. Bellan—said some time ago: "Art is difficult!" He said it in all humility, he who had reason to be proud. Art is difficult, Truth is hard of expression, Sincerity is slow. Boileau was wrong in his beautiful verse: "Ce que l'on conçoit bien, s'enonce clairement."

No, the shaping of a thought clearly conceived is fettered by a thousand scruples. The greater the truth, the more luminous the conception, the more are the cares, the more minute the delicacies, the more fastidious the choice of means, for fear of spoiling the radiance of the vision. Yes; Art is difficult.

I am not an Art Critic, and I love Nature tenderly and reverently. I have worshipped at the chalice of a magnolia. I have bitten into the thick satin of its petals. I know the smell of it, the feel of it, its heavy splendour and creamy purity. And the "Magnolia" of Miss Rice made me angry. Flowers have no right to be ugly. Miss Rice's flowers do not smell sweet. Trees I have a trusting reverence for. They are strong and calm, and always there. The trees of Miss Rice made me angry. The "Place des Palmiers" seems planted with acrobats' limbs. Palm-trees, all slender grace, why should you have been painted as if fashioned out of bladders? Neither Miss Rice's fruits nor her women are *appetitlich*; nay, her women are distinctly disagreeable and bad-tempered; I know it is hard to get out of bed on a winter morning, but, really, the young woman in "Early Rising" should show more pluck! I liked "A Breezy Morning" in spite of myself. There was a whiff of sincerity in it that was like a cool kiss on weary eyelids.



THE WIFE OF THE PRINCE RUMOURED AS THE FUTURE RULER OF ALBANIA: PRINCESS WILLIAM OF SWEDEN.

The marriage of Prince William and the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna of Russia took place in St. Petersburg on May 3, 1908. The Princess was born on April 18, 1890. She has a son, Prince Lennart, who was born at Stockholm, in May 1909.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

the reality had depressed me as much as the canvas version of it, I think I would remember.

It is all very *désinvolte*, very *à la mode*, very Bulgarian, like those new silks and chiffons where a mob of angry colours shout at one another. And if I do not like it, it is my fault for not being educated up to perversity!

But, go and see it; it is interesting—if irritating.

## THE GOLFER'S DREAM: ANOTHER COMES TRUE!



"DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Re your paragraph in a recent issue concerning 'The Golfer's Hole-in-One Dream.' It might interest your readers to know that on Friday last, my birthday, I dreamed I had not won the cup presented by my club. Judge of my surprise on Saturday when my dream came true.—I am, dear Mr. 'Editor, yours faithfully, A DIVOT."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



**THE PRINCESS AND THE PIANIST: THE MEMOIRS OF SIGNOR ENRICO TOSELLI.\***

**Signor Enrico  
Toselli: His  
Ancestry.**

desired to be protected as a *wife*, so that the tongues of scandal might be silenced, and that is one of the reasons why I married Signor Toselli. With that curious mania for self-effacement which sometimes seizes the Habsburgs, I chose to marry a man who boasted no pride of ancestry, and possessed no worldly wealth. My second marriage completely estranged my parents, who, as strict Catholics, abhorred the idea, and considered that I had no right to take such a step, as my marriage with Frederick August had not been annulled by the Vatican." Now comes Signor Toselli with his Memoirs, written, he affirms, solely as a defence of himself. And let us premise, with regard to his parentage, that his mother is half-Italian and half-French, while of his father he writes: "Born at Nice, he chose the Italian nationality in 1860. . . . He served his country with distinction as an officer of the Bersaglieri. When he retired, the extensive studies he had made in early youth enabled him to pass the examinations necessary for becoming a professor of the French language and literature, and he joined the teaching staff of the Italian College in Florence. For close on thirty years the scions of the Tuscan nobility have had the privilege of studying under him." And, with regard to money, "I have been accused of wishing to live on my wife. I may point out that I should be a far richer man had I consistently followed my profession. Young though I was, I had already made about £1600 and a reputation rare at such an early age."

**The First  
Meeting; and  
After.**

Dec. 7, 1906, "Mme. B." brought about the introduction, and from her house Signor Toselli drove—with her and with the Princess—towards the royal villa outside Florence. Half-way, a tyre of the motor-car burst, and there was no "spare." They walked and talked. "I can still see Louise of Saxony as she appeared to me that evening, strolling languidly along the road," writes Signor Toselli. "She was full of seductive charm and grace. . . . The romance of the surroundings, the starry peace of the Florentine night, and the presence of this beautiful woman, combined to make an ineffaceable impression upon my sensitive nature." He was entranced. The spell was strengthened in the Princess's home, and he was given the gracious lady's telephone number—1800. He walked on air. "At the moment of which I write," he says, "the Princess looked about thirty years old. I was very young . . . and in my eyes my lady was gloriously beautiful. Her lovely hands, especially, fascinated me. . . . No feature of hers escaped my reverent gaze."

There is but one reference to Signor Enrico Toselli in "My Own Story," by Louise of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. It comes at the end of the book, and reads: "I

She showed not a single grey hair. Her magnificent chestnut locks framed a countenance without blemish or wrinkle. Her eyes were blue and tender—those eyes which, alas! have so often since flashed fierce anger at me! The flexible intonations of her voice sang in

my brain and vibrated on my heart-strings." Is not that the perfect lover? Who can wonder that in due time he decided to marry—having been given that splendid chance (he will tell you) by the lady herself, who, he affirms, proposed to him in the Church of Santa Trinita, saying: "I am alone, forlorn, deserted, without a true friend, surrounded by spies. Will you save me? Will you let me stand as your wife before the whole world? I am free; no one may control me." A little later, remarks Signor Toselli, the Princess said to him: "I have ascertained that we can be married next May and begin our happy life together. . . . The necessary steps for obtaining the annulment of my marriage are being taken. The Vatican and the Court of Dresden are in daily correspondence." In the end, however, Rome did not consent. But the law of the Princess's country declared her free, the law of England permitted her marriage; so the wedding took place in London, at a registry office in the Strand. "Oh, that wedding!" writes the bridegroom. "I have

often felt since that a marriage bereft of the solemnity of a church service can never be quite the same. Ours was like a scene out of a comic opera.

Louise recited, parrot-fashion, the formula required by the law of England. She could speak English fluently, but I did not understand a single word; I noticed that they called my wife Countess Montignoso. . . . We exchanged rings. I gave her a plain gold band, inside which was engraved: "Enrico—Louise, Sept. 25, 1907," and she gave me an antique family ring which had belonged to Queen Carola of Saxony."

**Bliss and  
Disappointment.**

Then came days of bliss, when they trod the primrose path of happiness; then, says Signor Toselli, days and weeks when his wife's roving spirit dominated all else in her, days and weeks in which the musician deemed her capricious and exacting, "deficient in the sense of colour and harmonious fitness," hours of which he writes: "My temper was deteriorating, my artistic perceptions were becoming blunted. I no longer took pleasure in my work. When I sat down to compose, my mind was a blank. . . . The daily five-finger exercises so necessary for an artist were odious to me. I no longer knew the joy of spending hours playing my favourite passages from the great masters." The birth of the child—"Charles Emanuel Philibert, in memory of the Duke of Savoy, the hero of the Battle of St. Quintin"—did not heal matters; indeed, seems to have kept wounds open, for there were considerable differences of opinion as to the method of his rearing. For the rest of the doleful story, Signor Toselli's Memoirs must be consulted: at least, they are a very human document.



WITH CHARLES EMANUEL PHILIBERT, SON OF THE PRINCESS  
AND HIMSELF: SIGNOR ENRICO TOSELLI.

*Reproduced from "Memoirs of the Husband of an ex-Crown Princess"; by Courtesy of the  
Publishers, Messrs. Duckworth and Co.*



PRINCESS LOUISE OF TUSCANY—EX-CROWN PRINCESS  
OF SAXONY.

On November 21, 1891, the King of Saxony, then Crown Prince, married Louise Antoinette Marie (daughter of Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Princess Alice of Parma), who was born in September 1870. The divorce was decreed in Dresden in February 1903, and in July of the same year the Princess became known as the Countess of Montignoso. On September 25, 1907, the Princess married Signor Enrico Toselli; this marriage was dissolved in 1911. [Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

\* "Memoirs of the Husband of an ex-Crown Princess," By Enrico Toselli. Translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. (Duckworth; 10s. 6d. net.)

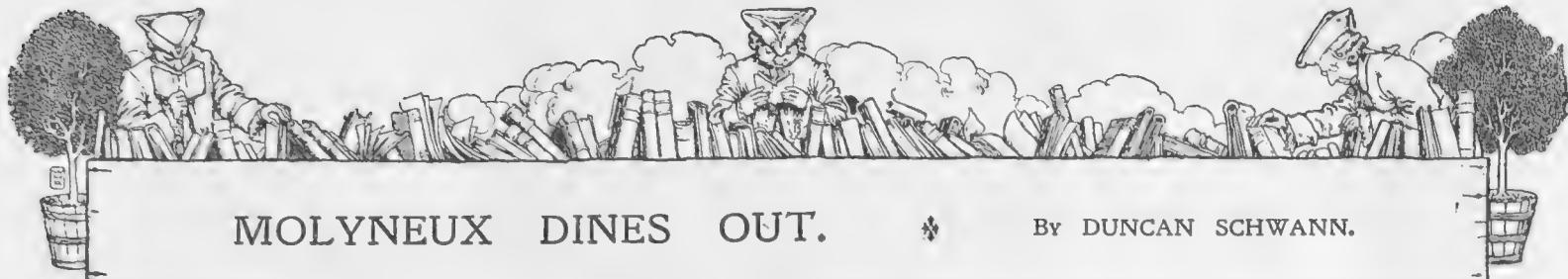
## THE ONLY WAY.



69393. France

THE GATE-KEEPER (to the stout lady who is making futile efforts to pass through the turnstile.) : It's no use, lady ;  
you'll have to come in by the way out.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD



## MOLYNEUX DINES OUT.

BY DUNCAN SCHWANN.

I CONFESS I was surprised to receive an invitation to dinner from the Woolley-Browns—considering that I'd only met *him* at Harrogate taking the cure, and our relations there had been limited to an occasional growl in the Pump-Room over the flavour of the waters, or in the lounge of our hotel over the misdeeds of the Government. But as, in spite of my forty years, I have an ineradicable taste for social exploration, and I distinctly remembered he had imparted to me the information that he kept a chef, I decided to take a leap in the dark and accept. With the wide ramifications of my visiting-list it was unlikely, too, I should fail to find mutual acquaintances among the other guests, and, anyway, an evening with total strangers would be worth while for the sake of the cuisine. There is a strain of adventure in my blood that no amount of training in the conventions has been able to subdue.

Although the Woolley-Browns' card occupied a conspicuous position on my mantelpiece for the next fortnight, I only recalled the engagement at the last moment when there was barely time to cancel a seat in an Opera-box by telephone, and struggle into my dress-clothes. Make what haste I could, it was half-past-eight before I ran up the steps of the W.-B.s' house in Lowndes Square, and handed my cloak and Gibus hat to the expectant manservant.

"Am I the last?" I inquired, as I followed the fellow upstairs. People in the Season are notoriously unpunctual; but for all I knew, my hosts might be sticklers for a rigid practice of the social virtues.

"The company 'as been assembled in the drawing-room for about twenty minutes, Sir. I'd just received word to announce dinner."

"Oh, lord!" I groaned to myself. "What'll the chef's temper be like? It'll be a wonder if the entrée isn't stone-cold or burnt to a cinder."

And I entered the room under a cloud that was not lifted by the butler's announcing me in resonant tones, before I could give him the correct name, as "Mr. Moore." No doubt he had a right to feel aggrieved at my unpunctuality, but to give vent to his feelings in that way was to carry vindictiveness too far. I looked round for my host, and diagnosed him as the individual standing by the obvious hostess. Except that he had grown a beard, and was twice as stout as in the Harrogate days, he was unchanged. Otherwise, I didn't recognise a soul in the room—a clear proof that the world is not so small as it is the fashion to call it.

"I hope I'm not so very late," I apologised, as I shook hands with Mrs. Woolley-Brown, obviously, from her tiara to the flounces of the pink creation she was tightly laced into, with no small opinion of her own importance. "My man made a mistake in the time on your card."

"At all events, you've got here at last—that's one good thing," rejoined her hirsute husband, leaving me in doubt as to the exact significance of his words. "Will you take in Miss Pierrepont?" And he indicated a lively creature of two-and-twenty with a giggle and a glad eye.

As I offered my arm to the girl, it struck me as a peculiar thing that I—a complete stranger of middle age—should be paired off with the youngest member of the party. It would have been more in accordance with the fitness of things had I—Frederick Hewitt Molyneux, one of the best-known figures in Clubland to say the least of it—been chosen to escort the hostess into dinner; but a sense of humour and a keen appetite have enabled me to make light of situations where a less happily constituted mortal would have had the fat in the fire in less than no time, so I concentrated my thoughts on the good things to come, steered Miss Pierrepont downstairs to her place, stole an appreciative glance at the menu as the company settled itself at table, and then took a general survey of the scene and the actors.

On my left hand I had—as her name-card told me—a Mrs. Morton Brigstock, whose diamonds wanted cleaning, and whose tortoiseshell lorgnon dangling from a gold chain proclaimed her attitude towards humanity to be one of criticism. Between her and the hostess sat a man of legal aspect, who attacked his French roll before even the soup had been served, as though it were a hostile witness. Across the mahogany I saw a merry widow; Sancho Panza come to life again in the person of a City magnate; a youth trying to look gilded; an obvious patroness of subscription dances with not less, so I judged, than four daughters to provide for; and so on, away into the distance where Woolley-Brown, with commendable presence of mind, had begun telling a humorous story while the hired waiters were jostling each other in their efforts to serve the soup.

"Wasn't it funny?"—My neighbour's voice recalled me to my duty. "They said you'd be sure to be late."

"Indeed?"—I tried not to betray my surprise.—"What do they know about it?"

"Mrs. Cameron said you had such a long way to come."

I concluded that Mrs. Cameron, whoever she might be, was the type of person who thought the world ended at the top of St. James's Street.

"Well, I shouldn't have called it a long way myself, but there's no accounting for tastes. By the way"—for my eye had just fallen on the card marking my place legibly inscribed "Mr. Moore"—"before we go any further, I ought to tell you that that owl of a butler announced me all wrong. I'm called Molyneux—not Moore."

"How exciting!" she cried.

"It's not more exciting than other names," I replied, with an assumption of indifference. "Woolley-Brown, for instance, strikes me as having far more possibilities about it."

"Woolley-Brown," repeated the girl. "I shouldn't like to be called that."

"Don't say it so loud," I enjoined nervously, "or you'll hurt our hostess's feelings."

"Why, would she mind?"

"Well, it all depends whether she's sensitive or not."

Miss Pierrepont studied Mrs. W.-B. for a moment in silence, while I sampled the boiled salmon. To me it seemed a pity to waste a chef on fish that any plain cook at £35 a year could do with her eyes shut.

"I shouldn't call Lucy very thin-skinned, should you?"

I was on the point of venturing the opinion that to me she looked a blooming alligator, when my companion rattled on.

"Oh, I forgot, you've never seen her before. Is she what you expected, Mr. Moore?"

"Molyneux, if you don't mind. I am sensitive. To tell you the truth, I hadn't thought about it. What astonishes me, though, is how different our host looks from when I last met him. Then he was clean-shaven, and quite thin."

"Do you know, you're quite different from what I'd pictured you?"

Now I'd thought my photograph in the Andover house party at Whitsuntide a speaking likeness; but there, a young girl will paint a fancy portrait of the Prince who is to come and carry her off on his milk-white steed to the Land of Romance. I assumed a tender expression as I faced Miss Pierrepont.

"Tell me what you thought I was like!"

"I imagined you'd have grey hair, and perhaps whiskers, a very sun-burnt complexion, and rough hands, and—oh, and ill-fitting clothes."

"Thank you," I said with asperity. "That's quite enough! It's clear someone's been having a joke at your expense. Ill-fitting clothes, indeed!" and I swung round with a snort of indignation to Mrs. Brigstock—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Morton Brigstock—to gain a respite from the other's flow of indirect aspersion.

"Tell me, who is everybody here?" began the lady, surveying me through her glasses.

I waved aside the *vol-au-vent*—a very unusual proceeding on my part, but it looked messy, and the pastry wasn't brown enough.

"Who everybody is?" I echoed vaguely, taking stock of the strange faces around. "Well, that gentleman opposite with the bald head, making a meal off salted almonds, is—"

"—My husband. You needn't inform me of that."

I thanked my lucky stars I'd been so providentially pulled up before I'd compromised myself beyond hope of forgiveness, and hurried on.

"The woman next him is Mrs. What's-her-name, a widow with a nice income. Her husband got squeezed by the 'bears' in Wall Street two years ago."

"Poor fellow, what a terrible death!" murmured Mrs. Brigstock. "I suppose they'd escaped from a menagerie?"

"Yes, a regular menagerie; that's just the word that describes the place. That young fellow with the monocle, who's chiefly occupied in preventing his shirt from bulging so as not to hide those pearl studs, is a Percy—one of the Percies of Piccadilly. He comes of a very large family—London's full of 'em. You must have seen his relations when you've gone to a music-hall, wearing coats pinched in at the waist, and smoking cigars twice as long as Birdcage Walk."

Mrs. Morton Brigstock screwed up her face in an effort of memory.

*Continued overleaf.*

## BALANCE ON THE CREDIT SIDE.



FOR SALE.

W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE COCK WIDGEON (*to his spouse*) : Whatever induced you to lay it in that ridiculous place, Lillian?

THE HEN WIDGEON : Why, can't you see, you simple old dear? It teaches the little beggar to balance himself before he comes out of the shell. You can't begin too early.

"Percy? I seem to know the name."

"Of course you do," I replied, taking a second *noisette* of beef to make up for "the great refusal" of five minutes before. "Gussy's another variant of it, and Cuthbert. Oh, there are swarms of the dear little chaps knocking about if you only know where to look for 'em. Don't go out till after dark, and then steer for a place that's got a license, and you won't go far wrong. Further down the table, with the blush-rose effect on her cheeks, and most of the contents of the powder-box on her neck and shoulders, is—oh, I forget her name, but if she's addressed as 'Baby' she'll sit up and take nourishment. Years ago, when you and I were prattling infants, she married the wrong man, and now she makes the mistake of fancying that every other fellow's the right one. It's a world," and I heaved an Adelphi-drama sigh.

I was rewarded for my imaginative effort by a frosty smile.

"You appear unusually well informed, Mr. ——"

She tried to manœuvre a glimpse at my name-card, but I had one hand firmly over the unconscionable thing.

"—Molyneux. You've got to be well informed in this house. I've never been asked so many leading questions in all my life."

"Ah, your life." Mrs. B. gave the impression of recalling something. "You've had a varied career, haven't you?"

I distinctly felt something go pop in my head. Was that the way madness began? At any rate I gibbered.

"A varied career? I should just think so. Nursery, school, college, the drudgery of an office from 11 to 4, with an hour off for lunch, long tramps across—"

"—The desert."

"What on earth put that idea into your head? No, moors after grouse. For long nights I've sat playing and playing—"

"Euchre, in a log hut."

"Tsch! *chemin-de-fer* in Sackville Street. I've known what hunger is—between meals. I've gone thirsty—"

"For days, wasn't it? How I admire endurance in a man!"

"—Until the waiter at the Marlborough answered the bell. I've thrown—"

"I know, the boomerang. Mrs. Cameron says you're a perfect marvel with the boomerang."

"Hang Mrs. Cameron! I've thrown myself down precipices—after grilled lobster for supper. I've travelled—"

"Mr. Molyneux, do talk about your wanderings, especially your life in the Australian bush! You must tell me stories about the bush."

"They would be stories, too—whopping big stories. But isn't it time I went back to Miss Pierrepont?"

"Well, after dinner I shall get you all to myself," said Mrs. Brigstock, as though she were a débutante and I were a hobbledehoy; "and then—"

"—Then I'm quite certain to go off to sleep if the chair's at all comfortable. I always do. *Au revoir!*"

And I left her to her own reflections. I resented the insinuations about the boomerang and the Australian bush. They were of the same calibre as the suggestion that I should appear in ill-fitting clothes. This Cameron woman, who'd spread derogatory reports about a man she'd never set eyes on, was too much for my patience. I kept a tight hold on the topics I discussed with Miss Pierrepont, with the result that the port-and-cigar stage was reached without any further *contretemps* to hurt my susceptibilities. But no sooner were we men left alone than Woolley-Brown himself went out of his way to revive my fears.

"Well, Moore," he began, obviously addressing me; "you've completely changed in the last twenty years."

"Not as much as you have in the last ten months, I can tell you. I barely knew you in that beard, and you've put on weight as fast as a Strasbourg goose they've been stuffing by machinery."

"That's one for you, Cameron, and no mistake," the City magnate chuckled.

Cameron Woolley-Brown, evidently. I couldn't compliment my host's parents on their choice of a Christian name.

"I don't quite grasp your meaning, Moore," said W.-B., forcing a grin.

I held up my port to the light, and studied it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I wish you'd grasp my name is Molyneux—and not Moore."

"Ha, ha, 'Molyneux'; I like that!"—and Woolley-Brown slapped his leg as a token of his merriment.

"Not half as much as I do," I retorted. "I wouldn't be one of your Smiths or Browns for any money."

The next moment I could have bitten off my tongue at the *gaucherie*. But, to my amazement, the other merely laughed, and won my respect by his broad-mindedness.

"You're a strange fellow, but have it as you like. How's the land of the Southern Cross?"

I looked the astonishment I felt.

"Still under the Southern Cross, I suppose, unless the 'stop-press' telegrams have news to the contrary. I was too much rushed to see the evening papers."

At this point the City magnate created a diversion by choking over a mouthful of wine, and, by the time he had been restored to

a state in which he could enjoy his cigar, I was engrossed in a spirited passage of arms with Percy over the rival merits of reigning stage favourites, not because I had any interest in the matter other than an academic one, but in order to enjoy my smoke undisturbed by the strange curiosity of Woolley-Brown. I registered a silent vow to draw our brief acquaintance to a close that night. His ways were not my ways; his cook's culinary methods not the ones to which I had been accustomed; his cigars not strong enough; his Mrs. Morton Brigstock not built on the lines I favoured. So, with these thoughts uppermost, I returned to the drawing-room, and a modest corner, half-concealed by a china-cabinet, where I pondered over the problem as to which of the three hostesses who had bidden me to their balls that night would provide the best supper, and lent an unwilling ear to Miss Pierrepont's vocal efforts—efforts that were not improved by the strains of music issuing through the party wall from next door, where it was plain rival hospitality was being dispensed.

"Would you be so good as to shut the window?" asked our hostess of the youth on whose pedigree I had expatiated so fantastically. "The Browns behave as though they were the only residents in the Square."

"Are those the Theodore Browns?" asked someone—without interest.

The answer took my breath away.

"No, the Woolley-Browns—most pretentious people!"

I huddled behind my sheltering cabinet closer than ever. By Jove! I thought, whoever said that fellow Moore was sure to be late hit the right nail on the head, and no mistake, seeing that it was half-past-ten and he hadn't put in an appearance yet. In all probability he was still wrestling with his ill-fitting clothes, or perhaps having a go at the boomerang he was such a perfect marvel at.

"Where's Mr. Moore?" The voice of Mrs.—well it wasn't the voice of Mrs. Woolley-Brown, at any rate, for she was the other side of a brick wall—but whoever was my involuntary hostess, it was her voice that galvanised me into action.

"Here I am!" I cried, jumping up; "pale but determined."

"Can't you do something to amuse us? You must have picked up lots of tricks out there."

"With a boomerang, for instance," suggested Mrs. Morton Brigstock from the sofa where she had planned to get me all to herself.

"I left my boomerang out there," and I gesticulated into the night. "Last time I used it I broke a priceless cut-glass chandelier, a dinner service, and an octogenarian's head. But I can give a thought-reading display that you wouldn't see beaten by the Zancigs."

"A-ah!" broke from the circle of spectators, as though it were Brock's Benefit.

"Yes, I can tell the thought that's in everyone's mind at this very moment."

"Rats!" muttered Percy, but I caught the derogatory expression.

"Look here!" and I fixed the youth with an accusing glare, "will you back your opinion that I shall fail?"

Challenged in this public fashion, he couldn't draw back.

"Rather; an even half-quid," and he forked out the coin.

"Anybody else going a plunge?"

The City magnate produced a sovereign. I handed the money, together with thirty shillings of my own, into the keeping of my host, and stepped into the centre of the room.

"You all think I'm Moore—Mr. Moore from Australia." The lady of the house nodded affirmatively. "Well, I'm nothing of the sort; I'm Molyneux, Frederick Hewitt Molyneux, son of the late Richard Molyneux, of Marley Hall, Suffolk, and Lady Angelina Molyneux; educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford; called to the Bar at the Inner Temple; went the Western Circuit; unmarried; recreations—dining out and speaking the truth. Residence—22, The Albany. Clubs—Carlton, Marlborough, and Pratt's. Telephone—7781 Gerrard."

The bearded one strode to my side.

"Do you mean to say you're not Moore after all, not the William Moore who went out to Australia prospecting in the Eighties, and wrote to us from Balham asking whether he could come and dine for the sake of old times?"

I threw out my chest and struck an attitude.

"Do I look like a man who's ever been in Balham, or who's had the misfortune to be christened William? By-the-way, what's your name?"

"Cameron, William Cameron."

My first instinct was to bolt out of the door, but I restrained the coward-impulse.

"Good-night, Madam; good-night, Sir"—I bowed to each in turn—"I apologise most sincerely for my cabman's taking me to the wrong number. If the rightful Mr. Moore should turn up before midnight please tell him I've eaten, and enjoyed"—(liar)—"his dinner." I turned to Mr. William Cameron. "I think you have three pounds of mine. Thanks!"

When I recounted the episode to Andover he had the calmness to say that I'd done the whole thing on purpose; but there—the House of Lords is a disillusioning place for a man of thirty-two.

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS

## GOLF SUPERSEDED BULL-FIGHTS: THE CIVILISING MISSION OF THE NIBLICK IN SPAIN.

**Golf at Madrid.** Queer idea, no doubt, to go for golf to Spain; but there were some nice people with clubs and balls and tolerably low handicaps who were beckoning me to Madrid, saying, too, that I should find something there that would surprise me, and so lately I paid a flying visit to the place. And there indeed were surprises and revelations. When and where will the extension of this game cease? Nowhere and nohow. Looking upon the map of Europe and considering the peoples belonging to it, you would be inclined to think that Spain, the land of the *corrida*, of languor, of heat, was one of the unlikeliest places for golf. But if there can be golf in Moscow and Constantinople, as there is, they may with good sense and propriety have it in Madrid; and, in truth, they had it there long before many other countries came into the fashion. Spanish golf is eight or nine years old there, and there are flourishing clubs in the capital, in Bilbao, Barcelona, and various other places. I was told there was a new one at Granada which I ought to see. I had some of the happiest golfing days, with good golfers who were most excellent gentlemen and sportsmen, and regarded golf in the real traditional way. Madrid is a queer place, and truly the atmosphere does not suggest golf, as does, say, the atmosphere of Sandwich or St. Andrews or Hoylake. But the morning after I got there, along came in his car to my hotel Señor Fabricio de Potestad, member of the General and Green Committees of the Madrid Golf Club, and one of the strong spirits of the new golfing movement in Spain, and there was no doubt, a few minutes later, about the golfing atmosphere being right.



INvariably LIKENED BY THE ENGLISH TO A BULL-RING: THE ELEVENTH GREEN OF THE MADRID GOLF COURSE.

This shows one of the most curious putting-greens in existence—the eleventh at Madrid, which English visitors invariably liken unto the plaza de toros, or bull-ring. It is quite circular, and has a high grassy bank all round it.

69323. Germany.

**Spanish Pioneers.** He told me the whole story of the great new movement. They started their golf in Madrid, about eight or nine years ago, with a little nine-hole course in the Hippodrome grounds. The Duke of Alva, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, and Señor Pedro Caro (who learnt his golf in England, as did the King of Spain himself) were the pioneers of the movement, and are the oldest Spanish golfers now. Afterwards, they made for themselves a nice eighteen holes a little way out of the city, and at one of its highest points had built a club-house in quite the English fashion. This place has served them very well for a long time. The course was good for the first big course of Spain; but it is short, the turf is too hard, the ball bumps and kicks, and the bunkering is not what it ought to be. Yet it has served its purpose well, and there are some good players there, two of them scratch, and one a point better than scratch, the former being the Count Cuevas de Vera and Señor Pedro Caro, and the latter the Count de la Cimera. The lady players of Madrid are also a very considerable community, and you may find it more difficult to imagine the Spanish lady golfer than the Spanish man player. But they are really very keen, and have their own championship, the present holder of which is Señora Elena de Potestad, a very accomplished player who has done the first nine holes on the course in some strokes less than bogey. She is easily the best lady golfer of Spain; but if the truth must be told—I will repeat it as she told it to me herself when we lunched one day in the sunshine there—she is not Spanish, but a Russian lady. The next best player to her on the handicap list is

the Marquesa de Almoncid de los Oteros, who is six strokes behind. Queen Victoria sometimes plays, and I have seen the Infanta Isabella, that extremely popular royal lady of Spain, playing there with the professional and a maid-of-honour. They all enjoy it enormously.



69323. Germany  
WITH SEÑOR FABRICIO, ONE OF THE FOREMOST SPANISH GOLFERS, PUTTING: THE CLUB-HOUSE AND EIGHTEENTH GREEN OF THE MADRID GOLF CLUB.

**A Grand New Course.** They say that golf is as good for the Spaniard as for anyone else, and Señor de Potestad tells me that most certainly fewer members of his club in town go to the bull-fights now that they have taken to golf—in fact, he says that hardly any of them visit the *corrida*, when once upon a time they all went as a matter of course. One of the curiosities of the Madrid links, as I found it, was the putting-green at the eleventh hole, which is quite round and is surrounded by an earthen rampart. The average Englishman, on seeing it for the first time, says to the Spaniard with him, "How like a little bull-ring!" or words to that effect. But this course of old golfing Madrid is soon to be superseded by a grand new one which has been made on the King's land at El Pardo, some fifteen minutes by motor from the city. Here a new and most splendid course—for which, having been over it, I have nothing but praise—has been laid out, the designing having been done by Mr. Colt. All the appointments are of the most perfect description, and a magnificent water-supply has been laid on, to counteract the difficulties that the climate makes and render the turf as good as possible always. A sum of

about £22,000 is being expended on the club-house, course, and some adjuncts in the way of polo-ground, tennis-courts, etc., and the time is coming when there will be a great "Madrid Golf Week," and British players who go there will wonder and admire.—HENRY LEACH.



69323. Germany  
A £22,000 GOLF COURSE IN THE HEART OF SPAIN: ON THE NEW MADRID LINKS, SHOWING PART OF THE SPECIAL AQUEDUCT.

This photograph shows a valley on the way to the first hole on the new Madrid golf course, on which, with certain adjuncts, a sum of £22,000 is being spent. Here we see the grand scale on which the water-supply to the course is being made, specially constructed aqueducts conveying it to every point of the course from a canal a little distance off.



## MORE BIG-GAME PICTURES, GEORGE ROBEY, AND A SYMBOLIC PLAY.

AT the Palace four afternoons a week are being devoted to a display of pictures of big-game hunting in various distant parts of the world. They are the result of the knowledge and enterprise of Mr. Cherry Kearton, who has given up his life to this fascinating pursuit. In the course of the afternoon, Mr. Kearton takes us to India, Borneo, the Rocky Mountains, and British East Africa, and brings us closely to all the biggest beasts that inhabit the earth. Elephants and rhino., lions and tigers, hippopotami and giraffes are all brought to within a few feet of us, and we are able to observe them as they actually are in their wild state. In one respect Mr. Kearton's expedition differs from those which had preceded. He was not out for killing. He took with him a party of cowboys who were experts with the lasso; and the major portion of this exhibition is composed of pictures showing the lassoing of these creatures and their struggles during their period of captivity. In no case is there any killing, and in one case only was the captured animal kept as a prisoner. In every other case the beast, after being photographed, was released and allowed to resume the even tenour of its way. This system results in an amazingly effective series of pictures, and at the same time does away with any idea that any unnecessary cruelty or butchery has occurred in the course of the photography. One cannot help being struck by the extraordinary patience and intrepidity combined in the man who can go on calmly taking a photograph when man-eating lions and rhinoceroses half as big as a house are bearing down upon the camera. Mr. Cherry Kearton possesses this combination of gifts, and they have enabled him to evolve this fascinating collection. Perhaps among the pictures there is none more interesting and instructive than that which depicts the caterpillar of the swallow-tail butterfly turning into a chrysalis. The frenzied struggles of the creature to free itself of its old skin are marvellously true, and afford an agreeable contrast to the larger denizens of the jungle. Mr. Cherry Kearton acts as his own showman, and adds much to the interest of the pictures by his chatty explanation.

## An Old Favourite.

Until I heard him the other evening I had not seen George Robey for a long time, but I found that he had lost none of his old power of amusing the people. His make-up remains precisely the same, and so do his methods.

I have not the faintest recollection of what his songs were about, and I don't think they meant anything in particular; but they gave George Robey the chance to break into and out of them at

his own sweet will, and to interpolate his funniments where and how he pleased: He can claim no great versatility, and he may occasionally shock the unco' guid; but, armed with a walking-stick and a pair of eyebrows, he is an unfailing laughter-compeller, and his impersonation of the snuffy, middle-aged matron is always immensely popular. In these days of pageantry, rag-time, and sometimes tragedy at the halls, I must confess to feeling refreshed by the occasional glimpse of the older school of entertainment. It may not be over-refined, but it is light-hearted and irresponsible, and it is typical. I personally am glad to note that, in spite of the lavish manner in which it is catered for, the music-hall audience shows, as yet, small signs of becoming *blasé*, and that it still finds room in its heart for one who has worked so hard and so long to provide it with amusement.



VERY POPULAR IN "KILL THAT FLY," AT THE ALHAMBRA: MISS RENA PARKER, THE YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS.

Photograph by Bassano.

"Reason," and by a merriman named "Rhyme," the latter always luring him to naughty pleasures, while the former is always pointing out the narrow way, and finally succeeds in reclaiming him. There is also a *dramatis persona* named "Nobody." He is a tall, black negro, who comes in front of the curtain before each scene and moralises in rich negro tones upon the action and characters of the play. As his conversation consists almost exclusively of play upon the word Nobody, he becomes something of a bore after a time; but the actor who plays the part has a good voice, and does his best. There are various other characters, such as "Happiness," "Care," and "Drink"; and all the members of the little company, none of whose names are given in the programme, take their parts very capably. The scenery is extremely



A SHOW SENSATION OF PARIS: MLLÉ. MARISKA RECSEY WITH ONE OF HER ELEPHANTS. Mlle. Recsey is creating something of a sensation in Paris with her elephant act, which London will see later in the year.

pretty, and, every care being taken to rub the moral well in, the audience is raised to a very high plane indeed, and gives every indication of its satisfaction at this fresh triumph of virtue over vice.—ROVER

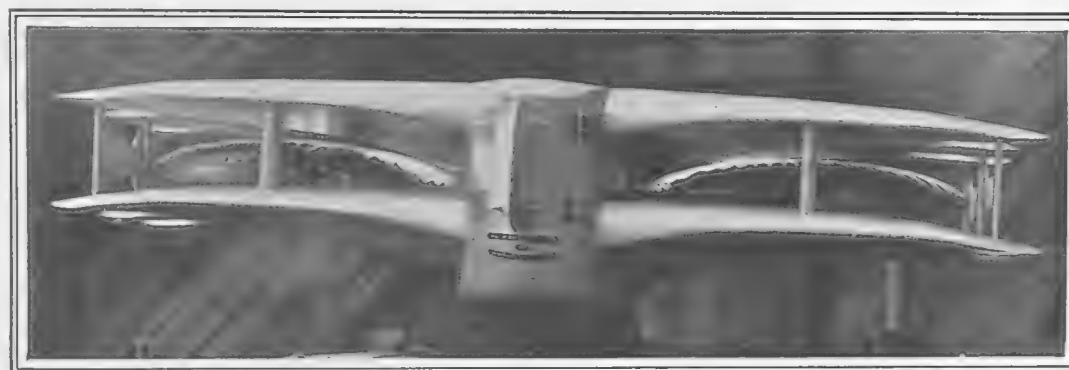


## AIR AND CARBURETTERS: GERMAN FUEL-TESTS: ROAD IMPROVEMENT: PEUGEOT RECORDS.

**Air, More Air!** The present excessive price of petrol, and the difficulty of obtaining any cheaper fuel in many cases, has set the inventive mind at work in search of means of achieving further economy. Time was when a mile or two less per gallon was a bagatelle; but to-day things are truly otherwise. Consequently, odd carburettor improvements, and even economical pourers, are being urged upon the public; but the fitting most likely—indeed, almost certain—to ensure a meed of success is one of the devices for admitting additional air to the inlet-pipe above the throttle-valve, such device being handily controllable from the steering-wheel. Notwithstanding the fervent asseverations of the leading makers and designers that their carburetters cannot be improved in this respect, I make bold to say that there is no carburetter of them all but will not permit the use of additional air above the throttle at some phase of the car-running. As a general rule, all carburetters will permit additional air so administered when the engine is running over a certain speed, and under load, but will refuse the moment the load comes off. The operation of the additional air-valve requires to be very much geared down from the lever by which it is actuated, for the volume needs to be finely varied.

**Germany to Test Three Fuels.** The Imperial Motor Club of Germany and the German Automobile Makers' Association are about to afford an example which it would be well if our two collateral bodies would follow. The German Club will presently arrange trials in which the comparative economy of petrol and benzol will be carefully investigated. The trials commence on April 21, and will extend over nine running days. The conditions show much thought and consideration. The cars will run in groups of three, using one petrol of a specific gravity of 710-720, heavy spirit of 750-760, and benzol of 880-890. The cars will be caused to change and change about, so that each car will, by the close of the trial, have used the same class of fuel three times, but nevertheless will have used all the fuels in turn. The total consumption of each class of fuel in relation to the aggregate mileage covered by each group will form the basis for computing the results, expressed in terms of quantity and price. Special carburetters for each class of fuel may be used, but no objection will be taken to the employment of one carburetter for all three. Carried out, as they most assuredly will be, with German precision and accuracy, important and valuable information should result.

**Help the R.I.A.!** Considering the great amount of good work quietly done for the past twenty years by the Roads Improvement Association in the best interests of all road-users, it is strange to find it so short of funds and so poorly supported by the general road-using public. The bulk of its income of £880 18s. 6d. is made up chiefly by grants from the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the Cyclists' Touring



SUGGESTING AN OLD MAN OF THE AIR! THE MODEL OF MR. GEORGE L. O. DAVIDSON'S AEROPLANE FOR TWENTY PASSENGERS.

The essential part of the machine, which is the invention of Mr. George L. O. Davidson, engineer, of Taplow, consists, we are informed by a correspondent, of a pair of rotary wings capable of revolving on a horizontal plane. The passengers will be carried in an enclosed saloon. Nearly £18,000 has already been expended on experimental and constructional work.

*Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.*

money will be required in much larger volume year if the Association is to have any success with the Bill they are about to promote for the reclassification of the roads of Great Britain under a central authority and on a definite principle. If just only every real road-user would send a P.O. for 1s.—the simple, single "bob"—to the Secretary of the R.I.A., 15, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, there would be money to spare.

**A Powerful Peugeot.**

On Saturday, April 12, the Grand Prix Peugeot, which had been ambling about on the Brooklands track for some time past, and which created so much sensation at the Weybridge Easter meeting, did on the date above named put some remarkable performances to its credit. The original intention was to go for the six-hours record,

picking up such trifles of record as existed as they went along; but after Goux had driven for one hour—in which he had completed forty-one laps—and Boillot, the Grand Prix driver, had conned the big car up to the fifty-third lap, further progress was arrested by the firing of the carburetter, and the attempt on the full six hours had perforce to be abandoned. But in the interim the Talbot's 50 miles in 29 min. 2.5 sec. had been reduced to 28 min. 18.65 sec., the 100 miles of 57 min. 49.33 sec. to 56 min. 29.93 sec., the full hour of 103 miles 1470 yards increased to 106 miles 387 yards, and the 150 miles by a Dietrich of 1 hour 31 min. 52.06 sec. reduced to 1 hour 28 min. 35.67 sec. But when the eclipse of the Talbot figures



THE AIRMAN WHO CROSSED THE ALPS IN A MONOPLANE AS HYDRO-AEROPLANIST: M. BIELOVUCIC COMING OUT FOR A FLIGHT AND PASSING THE S.S. "KAISER."

M. Bielovucic, the Peruvian airman, made himself famous, it will be recalled, by flying over the Alps, from Brigue to Domodossola, in twenty-six minutes.—[Photograph by Grey.]

is considered, it must be borne in mind that the four cylinders of the Peugeot engine measured 110 mm. bore and 200 mm. stroke, and those of the Talbot 101.5 mm. and 140 mm.

*[Continued on a later page.]*



# SMALL TALK



TO MARRY MAJOR H. ARBUTHNOT CARR TO-DAY (APRIL 23): MRS. GERALD CARSON.

The wedding of Mrs. Gerald Carson (eldest daughter of Mr. T. Putnam, of Greylands, Darlington) and Major H. Arbuthnot Carr, of the Worcestershire Regiment, son of the late Colonel R. E. Carr, is fixed to take place to-day at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

most nautical and refreshing portrait of the King will come as a surprise, for although Mr. Cope has made no secret of his scheme, his canvas has not been the subject of the voluminous preliminary talking and paragraphing that used to herald any interesting experiment in picture-making. Mr. Cope was just the man to go to sea with his Majesty and his paint-box. His career has been among portraits, but, for all that, he is a sailor-painter; in one sense or another, he is always under canvas, and his manner is the breeziest to be encountered in the studios. An active member of the Solent Yacht Club, he knows more about "Shamrocks" than "Dreadnoughts," but there is nothing out of order in the line of battle-ships filling the background of his royal portrait: the whole thing has undergone the scrutiny of his Majesty.

*Carving for Garvin.*

At his own table the other night, Sir Henry Lucy got enough "copy" for a full chapter of his reminiscences. No. 42, Ashley Gardens has seldom entertained a more interesting party. The meeting of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Garvin was in itself a triumph for Toby. The Prime Minister and the reputed

ACADEMY-TIME has come upon us unawares. Never in the memory of the oldest R.A. has there been so little preliminary curiosity. The Private View will be thronged as usual, but by people without a notion of what to look for. It will be a Private View of surprises. For this reason the walls may for once take the eye of a crowd that hitherto has always thought more about itself than about the pictures. The Private Viewers will really have to bustle to find out the picture of the year, instead of knowing all about it weeks beforehand. Even the

leader of the Tory Party became great friends before Big Ben reminded the politician, the editor, the reporter, and Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward of bed and the next day's labour. If Mr. Asquith had any bone to pick with Mr. Garvin, it was that he will not come into the open and enliven the House of Commons with his Torrential Talk; and if Mr. Garvin had a bone to pick with Mr. Asquith, it is that he does not often enough listen to the commands of the youngest Miss Asquith—that he should sometimes stay at home and read poetry instead of *P.M.-ing*.



MISS BETTINA GRISWOOD, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. SHOLTO JOHNSTONE-DOUGLAS WAS FIXED FOR APRIL 19.

Miss Grisewood is the second daughter of the late Mr. Harman Grisewood and of Mrs. Grisewood, of The Den, Bognor, and of Grasse. Mr. Johnstone-Douglas is the eldest son of Mr. Arthur Johnstone-Douglas, of Lockerbie.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

*The De-decorators.* Two years ago, everybody went to New York for the wedding of Miss Vivien Gould and Lord Decies. This week everybody makes the more difficult journey to Luttrellstown, five miles out of Dublin, for the Decies dance. As a matter of fact, the drive from Dublin, with the moon on your right hand, and back again, with the dawn on your left, should not be irksome to the young. After passing the spot where, a century ago, "the wretched Redmond" was executed before his own door, the wonderful grounds of Luttrellstown memories, nor does the sumptuous



ENGAGED TO MR. HENRY RUSSELL HORNBY: MISS DOROTHY E. FRY. Miss Fry is the only daughter of Major-General William Fry, C.V.O., C.B., who has been commanding a Division since last year. Mr. H. R. Hornby is the elder son of Sir William Henry Hornby, Bt., of Pleasington Hall, Blackburn, Lancs., the well-known cotton manufacturer.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ARTHUR MURRAY LONGMORE, R.N., TO-DAY (APRIL 23): MISS MARJORIE MAITLAND.

Miss Maitland, of 18, Lennox Gardens, is the only daughter of Mr. W. J. Maitland, C.I.E. Lieutenant Longmore, of Manor House, Upavon, is a member of the Royal Flying Corps.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

town open up no sinister house carry any suggestion of the shabbiness that is characteristic of Ireland. Lady Decies is a member of one of the wealthiest of American families, and has not lived near Dublin long enough to appreciate a sort of decay that is almost "smart." If ever she learns to love dilapidation, she will have much to undo.

As a practical woman, she would probably call in the help of the Suffragettes. Doubtless they would have no difficulty in producing the desired effect, but perhaps their methods would be too drastic.



THE NEW PEERESS: LADY FURNIVALL (DAUGHTER OF THE FOURTEENTH BARON PETRE; FORMERLY THE HON. MARY PETRE.)

The King has been pleased to determine in favour of the Hon. Mary Frances Petre the abeyance existing in the Barony of Furnivall. The new Peeress is in her thirteenth year. The first holder of the title was Secretary of State in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth.—[Photo. by Copperfield.]



TO MARRY MR. NOEL CHRISTIAN LIVINGSTONE-LEARMOUTH ON APRIL 26: MISS WINIFRED MARGARET (WYNNE) ISMAY.

Miss Ismay is the daughter of Mr. James Ismay, of Iwerne Minster, Blandford, Dorset, and the late Lady Margaret Ismay. Mr. Livingstone-Learmouth is the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. A. J. Livingstone-Learmouth and Viscountess Portman, whose marriage to the second Viscount took place in 1908.—[Photo. Lallie Charles.]



TO MARRY MR. ROGER J. K. BARBER-STARKEY TO-DAY (APRIL 23): MISS EDITH VICTORIA LEGARD.

Miss Legard is the daughter of Colonel Sir James and Lady Legard, of 24, Elvaston Place, and Welham, Malton, Yorkshire. Mr. R. J. K. Barber-Starkey is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Barber-Starkey, of Aldenham Park, Bridgnorth, Salop, and Knockshnock, Glen Isla, Forfarshire.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Gay London and** "London society," says Mr. Laurence Jerald—who knows the two capitals of Europe **Austere Paris.** like the palm of his hand—"is the most amused society in Europe. The terror of London lest it be not amused and be amusing is an amusement in itself." After Paris, and its somewhat severe code and serious outlook on life, he finds Mayfair and Belgravia, and eke Chelsea and Kensington, as frivolous and irresponsible as decadent Rome. In Paris, there are only two or three "gay" subjects which are allowed at the dinner-table; the great topics are not to be made fun of among well-bred people. He declares that it is not proper to amuse people, and that if you attempt it they suspect you of laughing at them. Thus irony—so dear to the Londoner as a conversational weapon—is not allowed. The Parisian is intensely suspicious of it. You will see this serious French attitude in every summer hotel in Brittany, where the English easily outnumber the French. At *table d'hôte* it is the English who chatter, argue, chaff, and laugh; it is the French who remain quiet—a little bewildered, possibly, by these hordes of youthful aliens who invade their shores, take up all the best rooms in the hotels, erect special diving-places in the waves which they are supposed to rule, and almost make the *plage* their own by reason of their superior vivacity, beauty, and high spirits. As in the country, so in the towns, and thus London has come to be, in the eyes of cosmopolitans, *le monde où l'on s'amuse*, rather than Paris, where the only vivacity is to be found in the vulgar *cabarets* and variety theatres of Montmartre—which places, by-the-bye, few Parisians ever frequent.

**On Little Books.** To most of us, the little book—small in size and economical as to matter—is always more endearing and alluring than your fat, portentous volume containing millions of printed words. The perfect short story (alas! how rare), the essay of Lamb, the wanderings of Robert Louis Stevenson, are not these all that literary works should be? For if you are to have genial intercourse with your favourite author you must be able to carry him about in your pocket (if a man), or in your wrist-bag (if a woman). Shelley, the wonderful boy, straying about in the woods all day with a slim volume in his fingers, was the archetype of the bibliomaniac, who must always have a book with him, or else feel forlorn. Yet excessive reading in youth often leads to complete disenchantment with literature in middle age, and if Shelley had lived he might have discarded his thin booklets and taken to stock-jobbing in railways, or to other forms of human activity. Young people, who are not allowed, or not able, to come to grips with real life, love reading because it gives them an inkling of what existence really means; once they



THE FRONT OF FIG. 2.

have learned, they show no such devotion to the library shelves. So it must be for the young and curly that thousands of little books—classics most of them—are now prepared annually, decked out with all the finery of fat print, wide margin, rough paper, and a quaint

jacket. The preparation of these things at a price for lean purses has reached a fine art. The little book has come into its own.

**The Irrepressible Influenza.** Influenza, the ever-present, would seem to be literally as old as the hills. It

was a scourge in the Middle Ages, under the name of the "Sweating Sickness," and it had even more picturesque names than that, such as "Jolly Rant," "Strip-Gallant," and "New Acquaintance." It came first to this island with certain French soldiers from near Rouen, but seems to have "caught on" like a successful play, and had a run which did not prevent it being revived in some three years' time. For there is no getting rid, apparently, of our old friend the "flue," which may exhaust itself for a time, but is certain to recur. I gathered these details at a fascinating lecture given by the Chadwick Trust at the London School of Medicine, where wiggly things, which wreak havoc in your blood, were thrown on a screen by Professor Hewlett (who read the paper), and were regarded with a loving eye by Sir Douglas Powell, who was in the chair. These wiggly things, however, do not have it all their own way, for there are armed forces within you, called "scavengers," which combat the intruders, and when you are in health, inflict dire defeat upon them. Thus it is clear that the average person is always a sort of Sedan or Waterloo of contending forces. We were also told a great deal about typhus—which has disappeared from our midst; about small-pox—which those inventive Chinese had evolved twelve hundred years or so before the beginning of the Christian era; and about measles, which is much more dangerous than is commonly supposed. Max Beerbohm once declared that the only place in which to find real drama was the Law Courts, but lectures such as these, which are not too technical for the lay mind to understand, and to which one may go by simply signing one's name in a book, rival even criminal trials in interest.

**What Man Cannot Do.**

I am pleased to learn from an evening contemporary that there is one thing which Man cannot do, or, at least, experiences mental anguish in trying to accomplish, and that is tying his tie into a bow. If he should elect to gaze into the mirror during the fearsome ordeal, he is undone, and so, probably, is the bow. He is adjured by Fashion experts to tackle the thing with eyes shut, and with no reference to the looking-glass; to pull and tug for all the world as if he were manipulating his shoe-lace, and leave the result to Providence. Now, no woman would set out in such a haphazard way to tie an alluring bow; on the contrary, she would bring all her coaxing, wheedling feminine arts to bear upon the problem. It is a confession of masculine weakness which makes the mere woman smile.



DANCING - DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

Fig. 1 is a very fine embroidered tulle dress. The tunic, which is of white mousseline-de-soie, veils one side of the skirt and bodice. A narrow belt of emerald silk following the drapery indicates the waist-line. Fig. 2 is seen wearing a gown of soft pink taffetas, tunicked with tulle of the same shade. A swathed drapery of tulle over one shoulder gives a scarf effect to the corsage of esprit net.



DANCING - DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

Fig. 3 is a gown in rose-pink chiffon, with a small encircling corsage of crystal net cut away over a black-satin belt, designed in a triangle. Fig. 4 shows a white painted chiffon skirt, slightly draped up at one side of the hem, over one foot. The little basque bodice is made in gathered black chiffon, and garlanded over the shoulders and arms with a wreath of pink roses.



THE BACK OF FIG. 3.



THE SIDE OF FIG. 4.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 14.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

ALTHOUGH it had but little effect in the market—where rates had already been lowered all round—the reduction of the Bank Rate to 4½ per cent. last Thursday was received with general satisfaction, as it undoubtedly indicates a very much better feeling in regard to the political outlook.

The 5 per cent. Bank Rate was in force for 182 days; and although it has, of course, occasionally stood at an even higher figure, it is necessary to go back some fifty-eight years to the time of the Crimean War to find an occasion when it has remained at 5 per cent. for so long a period. The Bank Return fully justified the reduction, and unless European complications occur, a further reduction to 4 per cent. should take place in a week or two.

There is not very much doing on the Stock Exchange at present, and we are promised a large number of new issues. Several large foreign loans are pending, while numerous Colonial loans are about to make their appearance. If this movement is carried too far, it may possibly militate against any very pronounced advance of the markets; but the outlook is far more satisfactory than has been the case for many months past, and investors would do well to pick up stocks at their present level.

Without some details of the requirements of each case, it is almost useless to give a list of stocks which are attractive; but if any of our readers care to write and tell us just what they want, we shall be very pleased to make suggestions which could afterwards be discussed with their brokers.

## KENT COAL.

We are inclined to think that there may be an upward movement in the shares of the various Kent Colliery Companies before many months are past. The scheme for the amalgamation of the various parent Companies has been on the stocks for some time, and will probably make its appearance shortly. Until the details appear it is almost impossible to estimate the relative attractions of the various shares, but we believe about 100 tons of coal are being raised daily at the Snowdon Colliery; and it can be taken as an absolute fact that coal has been proved in important quantities over a large area, and that Kent will before long be producing large quantities.

The Snowdon Colliery, referred to above, was the first to get its pits down to the coal, and preparations are now being made to work the "Beresford" seam, which consists of a hard, bright, bituminous coal, on a commercial scale, and it is hoped to have an output of 1000 tons a day by 1914.

The capital consists of £50,000 10 per cent. Debentures, £150,000 Preferred Ordinary shares, £100,000 Ordinary, and £1250 in 1s. Founders' shares. The Preferred Ordinary are entitled to a dividend of 10 per cent., after the payment of which, half the remaining profits are divided equally amongst the three classes of shares, and Kent Coal Concessions—the parent Company—takes the remaining half.

The East Kent Colliery Company owns the Tilmanston pit, and here, also, developments are proceeding rapidly. The troubles with water have been overcome by means of powerful Sulzer pumps; and the No. 3 Shaft has already passed through a fine seam at 1550 feet, and should be down to a second one by now. It is proposed to work each seam from a separate shaft, and the production should be upon a commercial scale before the end of the year—the estimates being for something like 1000 tons a day.

The capital consists of £10,000 in Vendors' shares of 1s. each, and £490,000 in £1 Ordinary shares, which are entitled to a preferential dividend of 10 per cent., after which the balance is to be divided equally between the two classes of shares.

At 5s. 3d. the Ordinary are a hopeful lock-up.

We have not space this week to refer to other Companies, but hope to return to the subject shortly.

## IN A BROKER'S OFFICE.

"You look particularly cheerful," I said. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—"

"Clothes, apparently," interrupted the Broker. "You've got a new suit on which is hardly—well—in the City, you know!"

"Saturday morning," I pleaded. "All the same, I came not to bandy compliments, but to learn what's going on."

"Nothing doing—chronic stagnation, and all the rest of it; but we're all feeling bullish, for a change."

"Everything going up?"

"Except the rain, which will continue to come down."

"Rattle out some tips, then," I begged him. "By the way, what do you think of Anglo-Argentine Trams?"

"They've increased their dividend, but I don't think they ought to have. A Company with undertakings valued at seventeen millions, which writes off only £135,000 for depreciation, isn't good enough for your humble servant or his clients."

"Are you bulls of Marconis?" I asked.

"No, Sir, we're heartily sick of 'em; in fact, we've instituted a system of fines in this office for anyone who mentions Marconis, the Committee, Lloyd George, or anything else connected with 'em—sixpence for the first offence; I'll trouble you, therefore—"

I pleaded ignorance of the law and refused to pay, so he continued.

"Tell it not in Gath, but I hear the same crowd have got another money-making scheme on hand, 'The British Motor-Spirit Syndicate.' Shares to be introduced to the market by Heybourne and Croft."

"Any room on the ground floor?" I asked, rather eagerly.

The broker shook his head at me sorrowfully. "I shouldn't have thought it of you—you'd have a far better chance of making money in the Derby Sweep. If certain gentlemen, whom it would cost me sixpence to name, couldn't make money last year, why on earth do you think you can?"

"I suppose we're all either fools or rogues."

"Or, perchance, a little bit of both," he laughed.

I thought after this I'd better change the subject, so I offered him a cigarette, and when we had lit up, asked his opinion of Kaffirs.

"I bought some for a client yesterday, and I think he'll see a profit before long: Van Ryn, Modder 'B' and Brakpans."

"Not a bad selection, either," I said. "I've got a few of the latter myself, and if they don't pay 60 per cent. this year with the new stamps and mills running, I shall be very disappointed."

"Quite right," agreed the man of knowledge; "and Modder 'B' should pay 50 per cent., unless the directors decide to increase the size of the plant; current earnings amount to fully this."

The telephone interrupted us at this moment, and after the usual preliminaries, the Broker gathered what was wanted: "Oh, yes, 1½ to 2 premium—no, I don't think so; much more likely to go higher still. All right, I'll buy you a thousand. Thanks, good-bye."

"If he'd taken my advice he'd have saved twenty pounds," said the Broker, when he'd hung up the receiver, "and my commission. I sent him a prospectus of the San Paulo loan, and told him to apply for two or three times as much as he wanted, and post on Sunday."

"And he didn't?"

"He never does to-day anything that he can put off till to-morrow; and he was exactly ten minutes too late on Monday morning."

"A story with a moral," I said. "I read in the paper the other day—"

"Hardly fit for decent people to read nowadays, are they," he interrupted, "what with one thing and another?"

"And the Mar—" but I remembered myself in time and escaped without a fine.

## THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

It is not very often that we criticise directors for adopting a too conservative policy—far more often it is quite the other way; but in the case of the dividend announcement of this Company, it really does seem as though the Board, who have always been famous for their conservatism, have carried it a little too far.

The market fully expected the dividend to be made up to 7½ per cent. for the year on the Ordinary stock, and showed its disappointment at the actual figure of 6 per cent. by marking the price down some six points to 12½.

The Company has had a phenomenally prosperous year, probably to an even greater extent than the directors have shown; the dividend is increased from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent.; the reserve fund now receives £130,000 against £40,000 a year ago, and the allocation to the insurance fund is £7000 higher at £47,000.

Undoubtedly the directors have been influenced by the fact that the purchase of the Nelson Line has got to be completed shortly, and presumably a large part of the 1912 profits will be utilised in doing this. Nevertheless it would not surprise us to hear that a fresh issue of capital is contemplated before long.

Although the shareholders' property benefits from the increased profits, it does seem that they are entitled to a larger distribution—say, in the shape of a bonus—after such a "boom" year.

If only 6 per cent. is paid under these conditions, which cannot continue indefinitely, there does not seem much scope for appreciation in the Ordinary stock, which yields under 5 per cent. at the present quotation.

Probably the chairman will deal fully with this matter at the meeting, and it will be interesting to see whether he succeeds in satisfying shareholders.

## ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SUPPLY.

The results of this Company for 1912, which have just been announced, do not compare very well with those of previous periods. The business was turned into a public company in 1910, and carries on in France a well-organised distribution of groceries from central establishments straight to customers' houses, the principal article being coffee.

The directors point out that the wholesale price of this latter article was abnormally high during the past year, and that it was

[Continued on page 96.]


**THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN**

**Bare Feet, Ancient and Modern.** The women of ancient Greece wore sandals which neither confined nor deformed their feet. They pedicured and cared for them as carefully as we do for our hands. Consequently they were a part of a beautiful whole, and it was a pleasure to see them. But, ah me,



ENGAGED: MISS LUCY EMILY HARRIETTE KENNEDY AND MR. HERBERT HALL HALL.

Miss Kennedy is the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Kennedy, K.C.M.G., Minister to Uruguay, and the Hon. Lady Kennedy, of Cultra Manor, co. Down. Mr. Herbert Hall Hall is British Consul at Loanda, West Africa.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]

the modern woman's feet—bare, too, save for stockings of wide-meshed net, such as I saw on a girl in the train the other morning; how appallingly ugly they are! Bony, distorted, white with cold at first; then beet-root-red as circulation returned; encased in a shoe built to show as much foot as possible: they were a nightmare, hideous sight. How they would have frightened the graceful early Greek woman! The owner was an ordinary little, workaday girl—they all travel first-class; only dukes' daughters go second or third! The origin of the girl's crime against beauty and good taste is, however, the smart girl of the day, who wears open-work silk stockings, low shoes, tight skirts, and no collar-bands. An old nurse of two such girls was seeing them off to a wedding last Saturday. "Well, Nurse, don't you think they look nice?" said their proud mother. "God's good to them they're alive at all, me lady—they have that little clothes on them," was the astonishing reply.

Nurse knew, for she dressed them. I hear that no tights can be found fine enough, and no stockings transparent enough for the fashionable girl of to-day, who is a perambulating invitation to microbes.

**The Form Divine.** The female form divine, according to the dictates of Dame Fashion dated Spring 1913, can be secured by wearing really well-cut, well-made, and well-moulded corsets, such as can be had at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, a firm that justly prides itself on having one of the best chosen stocks of corsets in London at the most moderate prices. Very attractive are those known for reference as Type 70; they are of firm coutille, and are cut away a little in front and long at the back, while low in the bust and daintily finished; the price is 18s. 6d. White batiste, for warm weather, excellent, too, in shape and cut—being, like most of these corsets of the celebrated J. B. rust-proof make—cost 15s. 9d. A specialty is that they can almost all be had in large-size waists, from 19 to 38 inches, and at no increase in price. There are beautiful corsets at 15s. 9d.—and all these have suspenders; many of them, two pairs. A stay for sporting uses, admirably designed for the purpose, giving support from the waist up, without confinement, and keeping the hips neat and taut, costs 6s. 11d. Elastic, deep belts for dancing, or stage-work, are 32s. 6d. Gymnastic stays, for growing girls, in mosquito net and tape, well cut, well made, with shoulder-pieces, are 5s. 11d., and can be had in all sizes; and belts for ladies who wear no corsets are 4s. 11d. Many of the corsets are in black and sky-blue, white and sky-blue, at 14s. 6d. Dainty and most useful for wearing beneath light

blouse and chiffon dress-bodices are boned brassières. These, in white Japanese silk and lace, in all sizes from 32 to 46 inches at the bust, are 8s. 11d., and for reference are called "Nora"; in black cambric, with lace and with shot lace-edged sleeves, they are 6s. 11d.

**Transformations, Not Scenes.** There are no terrors nowadays for women who have heads like heaven, because they are bright and shining places where there is no dyeing or shadow of parting—to quote an old joke. The Universal Hair Company supplies them with transformations which turn the heavenly heads into the right things for the latest fashion on this earthly planet. Nor do they stop at toupees: they supply chignons, temple-curls, pin waves—everything, in fact, to make up smart and becoming coiffures. The prices are quite a revelation when the work and quality of the hair is considered. The West End branch—1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.—is very convenient to Oxford Circus Tube station, or the Manageress can be communicated with at 80-84, Foxberry Road, Brockley.

**Instead of the Garter.** This does not refer to the most noble Order of chivalry, but to the common or garden implement, now obsolete, for keeping stockings

up—a more ordinary, but quite as necessary, precaution as keeping your pecker up. Sphere rubber-grip suspenders are the things to do it with. Comfortable, efficient, pretty, and uninjurious to stockings, they are British-made, are durable, and can be fixed to any corset in a second.

**Brilliant Understanding.** Fashion dictates that immaculate boots or shoes are as essential to a man or woman as polished manners and brilliant intelligence.

The one is, perhaps, an index to the others. The best way to keep footwear right is to use Lutetian cream for brown leather and Meltonian for black, and to take some with you wherever you go, use no other, and never let hotel or friends' servants loose on your footwear. They will not be there to take a scolding when the leather cracks, smears, or cakes.

**Society and Socialism.** There are, I hear—in fact, I

know—several ladies well known in Society who entertain beautifully and spend money liberally (believing that, having it in plenty, it is their duty to circulate it freely), who at the same time greatly deprecate descriptions of their expenditure on balls, dinners, and dress being made public through the Press. They formed themselves into a little league some time ago to stop such publicity, on the plea that descriptions of parties, jewels, and expensive addenda were usually exaggerated, and gave Socialistic societies a handle to turn their inflammatory organs by. Doubtless the

proceeding has its wisdom. There are, however, far more ladies, not so well known in Society, who use their entertainments as a means of advertisement, and quite outbalance the ladies of the anti-publicity league. There are others, still more numerous, who entertain to please themselves and their friends, and if accounts of their parties get into the papers, do not lose their sleep o' nights.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (THE 23RD) AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: MR. WILFRID I. WRIGHTSON AND MISS VICTORIA WINBY.

Mr. Wilfrid Wrightson is a son of Sir Thomas Wrightson, Bt., and Lady Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Darlington. Miss Winby is the daughter of Mr. F. C. Winby, of Shenfield, Essex. Owing to mourning in the bride's family, the wedding will take place quietly, and there will be no reception.—[Photographs by Bacon and Rita Martin.]

*Continued from page 91.*

impossible to increase the retail price to the same extent, and consequently the net profits fell to £79,192. It is worth noticing, also, that most of the wholesale houses in similar business over here have likewise had a very bad time.

The capital consists of £1,600,000 in £5 shares, half in 8 per cent. Preference and half in Ordinary shares, all the latter being held by the vendors. The Preference, which are quoted at 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  and 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ , receive their full dividend, and thus offer a very high return. They are, of course, a speculative holding, but, in spite of the poor results in 1912, we are inclined to think the position will improve. The management is, without doubt, exceedingly able, and the directors point out that since the beginning of the current year the wholesale price of coffee has slightly decreased, and they consider the present outlook satisfactory.

#### POINTS OF INTEREST.

For the last six months we have advised the sale of Mount Elliotts, and now the directors have announced that they have decided to defer the declaration of a dividend owing to the loss in revenue occasioned by the shutting down of the smelting plant. The shares have fallen 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 since October, but we still advise sales.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are glad to see that the problem of increasing the country's gold reserve is about to receive the attention it deserves. The Special Committee of clearing bankers appointed some years ago has been revived and considerably strengthened by the addition of five new members, including Lord St. Aldwyn, who is to become Chairman. It is very much to be hoped that the Committee will be able to come to some unanimous conclusions, and if that is the case, we have no doubt that its recommendations will be exceedingly useful, and will result in some definite action.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so Japan is raising another loan, after all! The actual terms have not been announced at the time of writing, but the amount is said to be £7,500,000, and the rate of interest, 5 per cent. The issue will be made in Paris, where, presumably, better terms can be obtained than in London. We do not think anyone need trouble to subscribe, and we suggest that holders of Japanese Bonds should seriously consider the advisability of placing their money in securities of some country which is not so overburdened with taxation.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fall in the price of rubber has continued still further during the last week, and the market has been in a very sensitive condition, the price of the raw article on some days fluctuating as much as

2d. per lb. in the course of a few hours. Advices from the States show that the recent failure is more serious than was at first supposed, and this has not helped things. The general opinion in Mincing Lane is that a lower price may yet be seen; but whether this is correct or not, the position is a very serious one for the producing companies.

\* \* \* \* \*

More interest has been taken lately in the shares of the Hudson's Bay Company, and various estimates are being made of the dividend for the year just completed. There is no doubt that the Company have done very well, and it seems probable that the shareholders will receive 50 per cent. against 40 per cent. a year ago, and current prospects are good. In view of the enormous value of the assets, we look upon these shares as one of the best purchases in the land group.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are glad to see that the Central London's scheme to extend to Gunnersbury is unopposed, as we presume this means that terms have been arranged with the South-Western. When this extension is completed and the South-Western electrified, the western suburbs should have vastly increased facilities.

Saturday, April 19, 1913.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

**CEDRIC.**—Any of the following should suit you, and yield 4 per cent. or more if redemption is allowed for: (1) New South Wales 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; (2) Calcutta Port; (3) Durban 4 per cent.; (4) Victoria 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

**ETH.**—(1) and (2) Those of Montreal or Winnipeg are quite sound, and you can buy either; (3) If you are content with a lower yield, the securities mentioned in answer to "Cedric" are, perhaps, safer; (4) You would have a free market.

**S. A. W.**—We have been unable to find any trace of the Company you mention. Are you sure you have got the name right?

**W. H. G. W. (Russia).**—(1) Selfridge Debentures; Forestal Land Debentures; Bass Debentures; Eastman Kodak Preference and Elder Dempster 5 per cent. Debentures are all sound, and give the yield you require. (2 and 3) There are no prices for either of these shares, and we fear both are hopeless.

**SHELAGH.**—(1) You can safely hold, although you are not likely to see any great appreciation. (2) Should prefer No. 1. (3) Very speculative, and do not advise.

**V. C. D.**—Your letter came too late for us to make the necessary inquiries this week.

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**1913 Styles:**

**Double Collars.** The first (D35) and third illustrations ("Box") show two popular shapes for 1913. The D35 is 1½ in. deep at front and allows ample tie room notwithstanding smart effect. The Box, giving freedom to neck, is the collar of the outdoor man (1½ in. deep at front). Both are slightly deeper at back.

**Wing Collars.** The clean-cut appearance of these distinctive shapes makes them extremely popular for town or evening wear. 2 and 2½ in. deep, B35 (2nd illustration) having square and B25 (4th illustration) round points.

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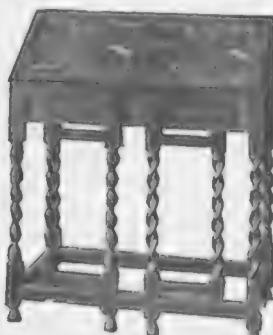
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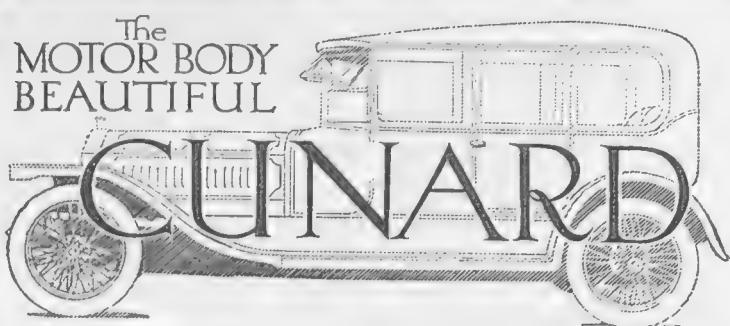
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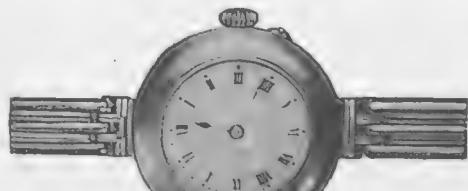
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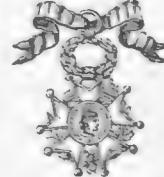
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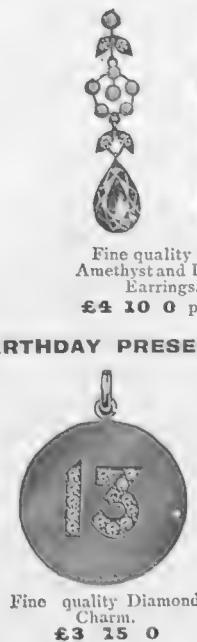
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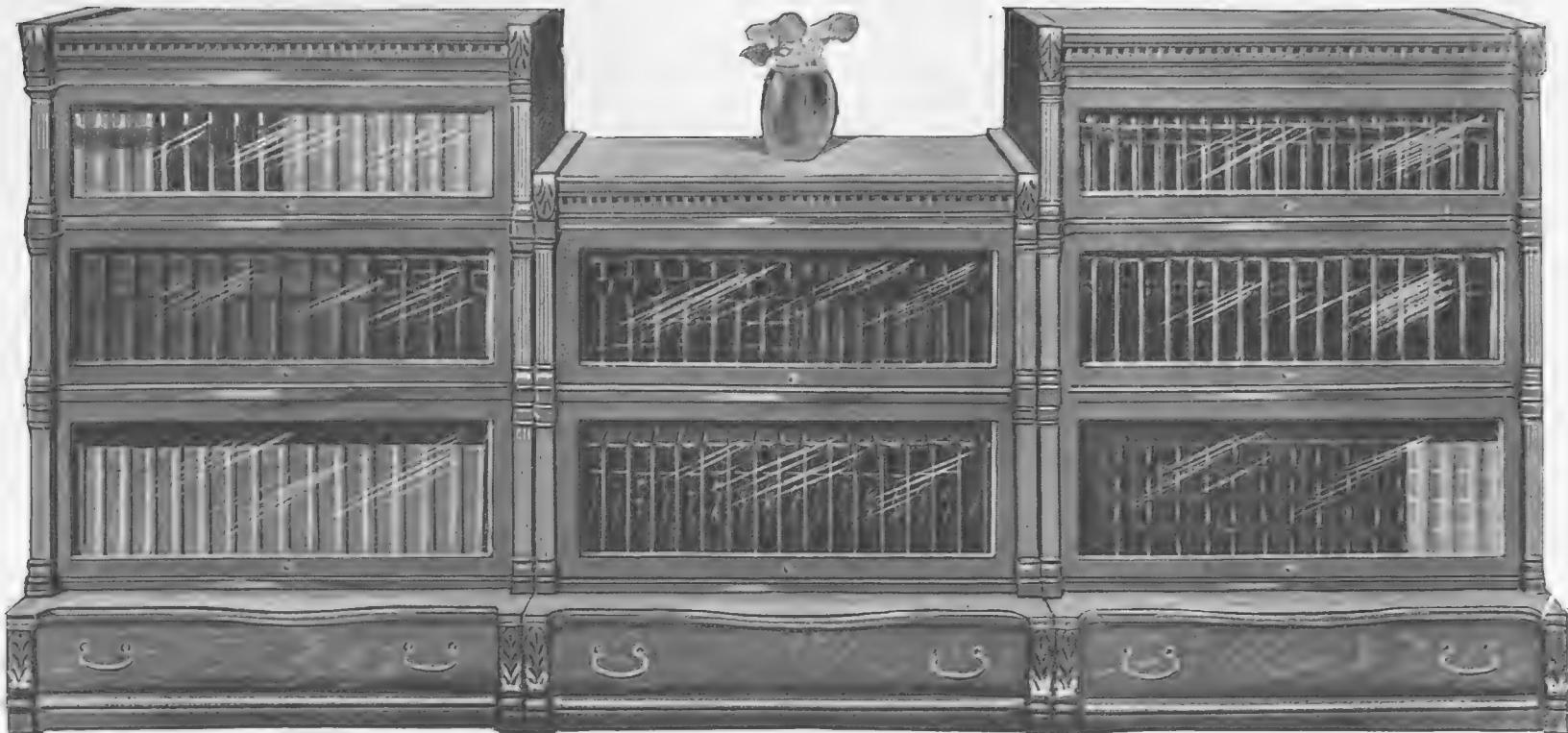
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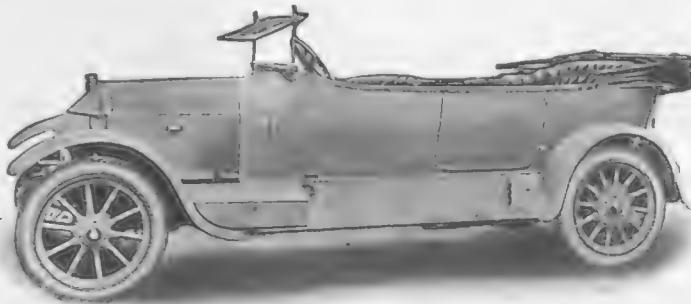
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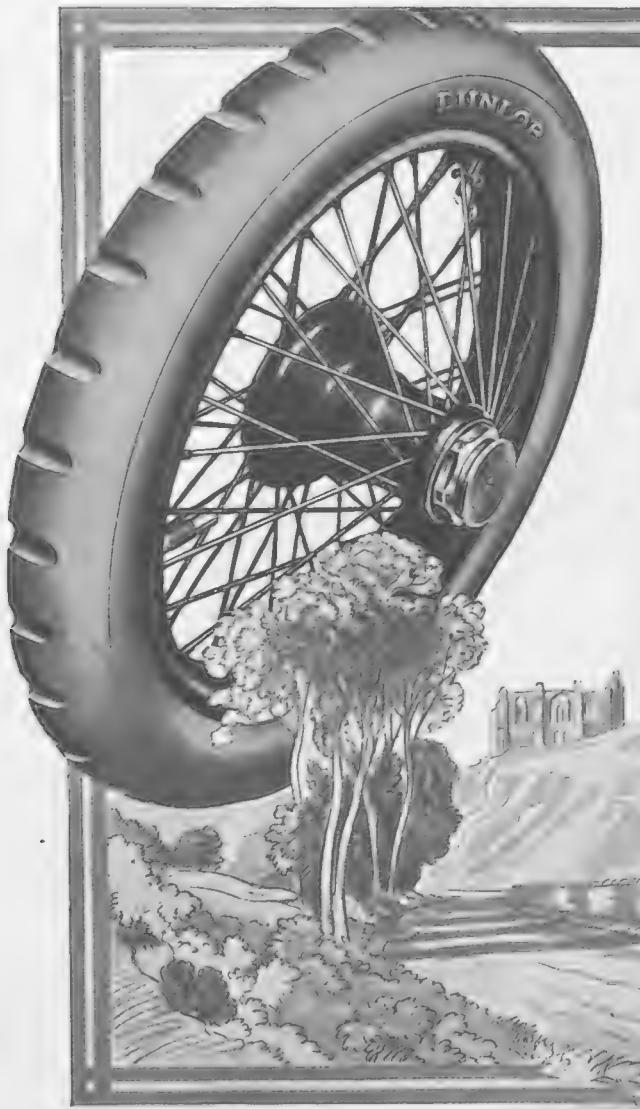
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adds an unsurpassed acceleration, an insatiable appetite for hill-climbing, and a unique degree of sweetness. We desire to give you an opportunity to prove for yourself the truth of these statements.



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## TOURING TALKS.—No. 2.

It would not be a rash matter to assert that the most popular road in the kingdom is that leading from London to Portsmouth. Every town, doubtless, has its favourite road, but the vote of the Londoner would be given to the Portsmouth (or "Ripley") road. Why this is so cannot be explained to those who have not been upon it, except by generalities such as "magnificent scenery" and "grand surface." But the fact remains, and anyone who doubts it should stand on any fine Spring morning beside the famous highway and note the thousands of tourists—motorists, motor-cyclists, and cyclists—who pour down it in search of recreation. Yet it is strange to think that thirty years ago this road, with its splendid heaths, its wide views, and its historic buildings—such as the ruins of St. Catherine's Church, between Guildford and Godalming, which appear on this page—was practically *terra incognita*, except to the hardy bicyclist on his solid-tyred machine.

## DUNLOPS

have changed all that. It was the coming of the Dunlop pneumatic tyre in 1888 that opened the heart of the country to all, and made the old roads live again. Were it possible to stop each one of those happy tourists and take a census of the different makes of tyres, there would be found to be an enormous preponderance in favour of Dunlops. This has always been the case when a census has been taken at any of the great National Shows, and is convincing proof of the esteem in which Dunlops are held.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 24, Regent Street, London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.



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Empires have been made and marred by women, and their influence has extended into every corner of the globe. During the past quarter of a century, some of the most colossal commercial undertakings of Europe and America have been built up and brought to complete success by women, and to-day, therefore, when one hears of a great triumph in this direction, one is tempted to repeat the old axiom, "Cherchez la femme!"

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Relieves Strain. Clears and brightens the Eyes and strengthens the Sight. Perfect Tonic. Price 6/6

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This unique preparation possesses marvellous soothing properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant absorbs water. It cleanses the pores, builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, and protects the skin from exposure.

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This is specially designed as a protective agent against all changes of temperature and the effects of exposure of all kinds. It is, therefore, an ideal preparation for motorists, as, if used according to the directions, the dust is prevented from settling in the pores, and the skin is rendered impervious to all outside deleterious influences.

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The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, LONDON, W.

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For Consumption, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Rheumatism, Debility.

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—for health's sake, for beauty's sake. It is quite easy to have pure white and beautiful teeth; to keep them in perfect condition; arrest decay.

All you require is a good brush and

## ROWLAND'S ODONTO

### "For Your Teeth."

It thoroughly cleanses the teeth and leaves a delightful fragrance in the mouth. It contains no grit, but at the same time provides the necessary friction for the teeth, so as to prevent the accumulation of Tartar. This is one of the most important virtues of Rowland's Odonto—any dentist will bear testimony to this.

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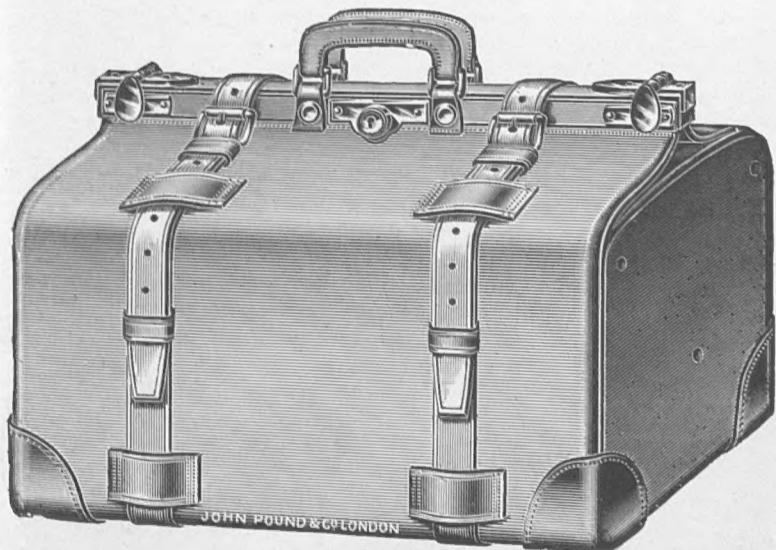
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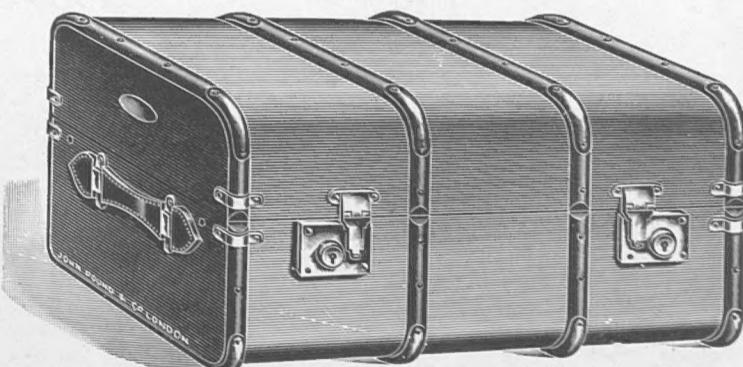
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# Wrinkles Removed in a Night Without Plasters, Creams or Appliances.

AFTER THESE METHODS AS WELL AS STEAMING-POTS, DRUGS, MASKS, PRESCRIPTIONS, APPARATUS, MASSAGE, AND ALL ADVERTISED TREATMENTS HAD ABSOLUTELY FAILED.

A remarkable interview with Mme. Lawton, who for the first time reveals to "Sketch" Readers full particulars of her recent discovery. Nothing like it was ever used or even heard of before.

By BLANCHE GORDON.

It has remained for a woman unskilled in scientific research to solve, quite by accident, the problem that has baffled all science and the entire medical profession the world over. In a recent interview Mme. Lawton explained to the writer why no one need patronise expensive Beauty specialists now, for any woman can easily accomplish, in the strict privacy of her own home, the seeming miracles which are causing physicians and beauty experts everywhere to stand aghast in startled amazement.

For the first time Mme. Lawton has generously consented to reveal how all the network of lines and furrows left by ten years of illness, worry, and care were



swept from her face in a single night, as though by the wand of some fabled magician. She explained to me the embarrassment and humiliation she felt when her face became seared and seamed by myriads of disfiguring wrinkles, how deep creases appeared where once the dimples were, and how she, though still young, had the heartrending experience of being looked upon with pity, as a prematurely old woman totally devoid of all personal attractiveness. For, after all, the world judges a woman's age by her appearance, and if her face remains youthful, the mere passing of years means nothing to her. But if her face proclaims her old, a pitiless world sees only the disfiguring marks of Time and approaching old age, so bids her step aside for a younger generation.

Mme. Lawton described with deep feeling the sadness with which she thus viewed the passing of her own youth, and said it was the most bitterly tragic period of her whole life. She was able to afford any expense, so could command the services of the best specialists in the land, and she frantically tried massage, which stretched the skin still more, electrical treatments that were torture, medicines that made her ill, suction cups, masks, irritating lotions, and worthless advertised methods galore. After wasting a fortune in this way, however, she was compelled to give up in absolute despair.

Imagine, then, her ecstasies of joy and delight, the indescribable relief that filled her soul to overflowing, when, quite by accident, she one day discovered an almost incredibly simple process, involving a totally new scientific principle, which quickly banished every trace of line or wrinkle from her face. Light lines and crow's feet disappeared within an hour, in a single night the deepest creases were gone, and in less than a week

her face was soft, clear, and smooth as a young child's. Mme. Lawton found a way to tighten the loose, sagging, wrinkled skin, and to build up firm, healthy tissue underneath where the wrinkles were, so the skin rested on an even surface and became virtually wrinkle-proof. Now, after nearly two months, I saw with my own eyes, the face of smooth delicate contour, the beautiful, velvety skin and complexion like a rose, where formerly were the deep lines and furrows that added 20 years to her age.

To describe the method here in full detail would somewhat overrun the space allotted to me for this article, but Mme. Lawton explained that a perfect deluge of requests for information has descended upon her, and many of the inquiries are from her acquaintances, but to personally write a satisfactory answer to everyone would be quite impossible, so she hit upon the clever plan of fully describing her method in a small booklet. A limited number of these, the

first to be printed, had just arrived, and after much persuasion I was fortunately able to arrange with Mme. Lawton to send one of these attractive booklets, while they last, absolutely free of cost, to any lady sufficiently interested to write her and enclose two penny stamps for posting expenses.

Mme. Lawton refused to accept the slightest payment for her trouble, saying she has explained the method to many of her friends, from whom she showed me letters proving they had all used it with wonderful success; and as it now appears to be practically infallible, she welcomes this opportunity to show her gratitude by giving the secret to lady applicants. Simply address Mme. Lawton (24), 197, Regent Street, London, W., and I advise writing promptly, as the supply of booklets is limited, and the offer expires in 30 days, owing to the amount of trouble and work involved. Nevertheless, I consider it very kind and generous of her to subject herself to the inconvenience even for a short period, especially when we consider that she makes no charge whatever for the booklet. The supply is estimated to last 30 days, but if you are delayed in writing and no booklets remain when your letter arrives, the postage will be returned to you. This arrangement has been made for the special benefit of *The Sketch* readers only, and you should mention *The Sketch* in your address as evidence that you are entitled to receive the information.

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are light, perfect in shape, secure and almost imperceptible in use, thoroughly antiseptic, and the only towels constructed to absorb evenly throughout.

Therefore do not ask for "Sanitary Towels," but ask specially for **SOUTHALL'S**.

Sold in silver packets, containing 1 dozen at 6d. 1/- 1/6 and 2/-; Southall's Compressed Towels, full-size in tiny silver boxes. Size A, price 1/-; Size B, 1/-; Size C, 2d.; Size D, 2/-.

Send for the Special Introduction Packet, (size b)

which as its name implies, is intended for new users. It contains 6 Towels, assorted sizes, and is post free for 6d. under plain cover from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

**Beauty Collection.**

CUTTINGS FROM BEAUTY ARTICLES. THE CREAM OF MODERN BEAUTY ADVICE.

**Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.**

"Toilet Gossip."

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair, is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered phenominol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely. \*\*\* The natural allacite of orange blossoms makes a capital greaseless face cream. It holds the powder perfectly, and the natural odour of this product is, of course, most delightful. Many of the smartest women are now using it exclusively, because it does not encourage a growth of hair on the face. \*\*\* The annoying body-odour sometimes resulting from perspiration can be instantly killed by the occasional application of powdered (white) pergol.

**Home Beauty Aids.**

"Household Hints."

A persistently shiny nose or a dull, lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. If you have no clemintine in the house you need only get about an ounce from your chemist and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection. \*\*\* To make the eyelashes grow long, dark and curling, apply a little mennaline with the finger-tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well. \*\*\* Pilenta soap is the most satisfactory for all complexions. It even works well in cold or hard water.

**The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair.**

"Applied Arts."

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the lookout for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in sealed original packages, enough for fifteen or twenty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect. \*\*\* For an actual hair-grower nothing equals pure boranium. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair roots tingling with new life.

**Using Oxygen for the Complexion.**

"Chemistry at Home."

The well-known characteristics of oxygen may be effectively applied to the renovation of the complexion. Mercolised wax, such as may be found at any chemists, contains oxygen which is released directly the wax comes in contact with the skin. Oxygen consumes waste matter in the body, but does not affect healthy tissues at all. Therefore, it attacks and removes the deadened waste accumulations on the skin which show in the disfiguring form of sallowness, moth patches and a general appearance of lifelessness. The fresh, young skin which has been obscured by this disfiguring veil of waste matter is thus allowed to show forth in all its healthy beauty. The mercolised wax is absolutely harmless and indeed very beneficial to the skin.

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CRÈME DE MENTHE  
PIPPERMINT  
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Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.

Free Sample sent upon receipt of three penny stamps.

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Patent Golosh,  
with coloured  
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a scientific and absolutely harmless preparation (approved and recommended by high medical authorities) which has an extraordinary invigorating effect on the muscular development of the neck and chest.

GALÉGINE DE NUBIE produces no tendency to obesity and necessitates no change of diet.

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Prepared in cachets for swallowing.

The complete treatment, with a very interesting booklet, is sent privately packed on receipt of P.O. for 5s., by Roberts and Co., 76, New Bond Street; Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Heppell's; or Laboratoire Medical, 16, Rue Châtaignier, Paris; and 61, New Oxford Street, London.

The booklet can be obtained post free from the last-mentioned address.

## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

More Cheap  
Soldiering.

By a *communiqué* received from the War Office, I notice that this department has lately had under its consideration the utilisation of the motor-cycle as a method of reinforcing the means of intercommunication at the disposal of commanders in the field. Having regard to the age of the practical motor-cycle, and the use made of these machines by the executives of Continental armies, it would be thought that their employment in this wise might have occurred some time ago to the wiseacres of Whitehall. I see that, in addition to enlisting motor-cyclists for the visionary Expeditionary Force, motor-cyclists are to be asked to volunteer for service in the Territorial Force. Certain General Officers are to proceed with the formation of Motor-Cyclist Reserve Committees.

**Councils Supine.** It cannot be said that the Road Board, however much it may appear to hoard, does not distribute very large sums of money. And I am given to understand that the distributions would be larger and more varied if certain of the County Councils could overcome their bewildering supinity. Surely it is not for the Road Board to go hat in hand to slack authorities whose roads are a disgrace to the community, and with whispering breath and bated humbleness, say, "Sirs, for your neglect, we give you thus much money"? Quite the reverse, indeed! Before the Road Board can even contemplate a grant, it has been legally enacted that the authority must present a cut-and-dried scheme, showing how money is to be spent on the improvement of their roads, and the character of the improvements. The total grants by the Board up to March 31 have been—for road-crust improvements, £913,400; road improvements, £88,000; road diversions, £24,259; improvement of bridges, £44,477; and construction of new roads and bridges, £60,578. Further advances amounting to £1,579,400 have been indicated to highway authorities towards works of road-construction and improvement.

**The Edward Manville Fund.** Well done, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders! I do not always see eye-to-eye with this austere body, particularly in regard to their narrow-minded spoil-sport proclivities, but they certainly deserve approval and commendation for the scheme by which they propose to commemorate the services rendered by Mr. Edward Manville as President of the Society from June 1907 to April 1913. A fund is to be established for the purpose of granting relief, by

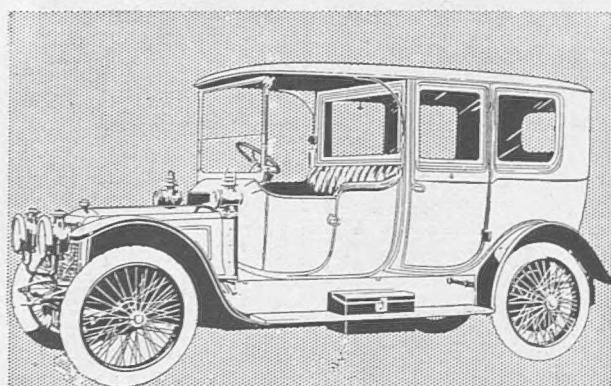
loan, gift, or annual grant, to persons eligible, a preference being given to those who have rendered services to the Society as members of the Council or Committee. A sum of £5000 is to be appropriated out of the funds of the Society for that purpose. There is no doubt that the Society owes much to Mr. Manville—the time and work devoted to its best interests during the above period of six years can have no adequate representation in money. As a recognition of such invaluable services nothing could be in better taste, or more welcome to the retiring President, than the establishment of this fund.

Mets. in Regent  
Street.

Metallurgique, Ltd., now present the various types of the popular cars they make at 237, Regent Street, W., in lieu of High Street, Marylebone, which is assuredly a change of pitch for the better. Metallurgiques command a West-End clientele, and High Street, Marylebone, was, for so high-class a car, just perhaps a wee bit out of the movement. Although this Show-room in Regent Street is not of vast dimensions, standing, as it does, at the corner of Princes Street, it has the advantage of very fine lighting, which goes far to show off the taking lines and superbly tasteful bodywork of the Metallurgique cars. Metallurgique, Ltd., are the first motor firm to establish themselves in Regent Street proper—that is, the particular length of that famous street lying between the Oxford and Piccadilly Circuses.

A Valuable  
Informative  
Competition.

There is, unfortunately, more than a lack of originality in framing competitions for the Automobile Club. The ideas of the Secretaries and the Committees never seem to rise much above a hill-climb, or a fuel-consumption test, or a speed-driving competition. After several years of these contests their attractions pall, and, as might well be expected, the events do not fill. But the Herts County A.C., while always a live body, has frequently infused a spice of novelty into their competitions, and this was assuredly the case in connection with an event set down for conclusion on Saturday last. In this event the winner was to be the car encompassing the greatest non-stop mileage, for the least cost, on its allowance of fuel, which might be petrol of any grade, benzol, paraffin, or a mixture of one or other. Four-cylinder cars were to be allowed 1½ pints for 600 lb., and 2½ pints for 1200 lb., with due allowance for all other weights; two-cylinder cars, 25 per cent. less than four-cylinders; and single-cylinder vehicles, 33 1-3 per cent. less than those with four. A certain course was set out from the Red Lion Hotel, Hatfield, and twenty miles per hour was not to be exceeded. The latter restriction was, to my mind, the weak point in the scheme, as likely to produce results not typical of ordinary driving.



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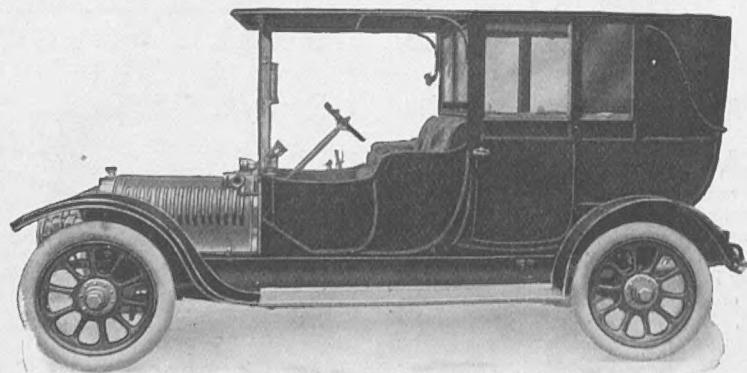
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